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THE DEACON'S JOKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LOU. J. BEAUCHAMP.

A peripatetic vender of quaintnesses, large and small,
While traveling through Darke county, selling stones to one and all,
Was told by a worthy deacon, whom he chanced to meet on the way,
Of a farmer but ten miles farther, who one year ago on the day
Had lost his life, and perhaps might want something in the headstone way.

So he thanked this solemn deacon, and onward took his way
To the residence of the farmer, which he reached at three that day;
And hearing in through the door yard, he knocked at the oak, on door,
And was told that the farmer was in a field, some three miles off or more.

So tying his horse to the fence rail, he made his way through the dirt,
Till he found the field and the farmer, whom he reached without bodily hurt;
And hitching up his coat collar, he at once the work began;
And he sympathized with the farmer, and wanted to tell him a stone,
Which would point to the Heaven above them where the farmer's wife had gone.

He spoke for nearly an hour, and the farmer said never a word;
He was trying to get it in edgeways as soon as he could be heard;
And so at last, when a chance came, he laid down his hoe and began,
And these are the words the farmer said to the sorrowing tombstone man:—

"I'd love, good sir, that I lost my wife just one year ago to-day,
But she ventured with some other chap—in other words, ran away,
And though that time to the present I've never heard from her yet,
And so I don't think you can sell me a stone, in fact, on that you may bet."

The farmer looked up for the peddler, with a smile on his care furrowed face,
But the peddler had sped on the wings of the wind, and was half a mile off from the place.

WHAT FOR TOMBSTONES REMAIN,
In these days of intrigues and scandal
And runaway wives every day,
Just ask how a man has lost his wife
Before you go out of your way.

Dayton, Ohio, Nov. 25, 1872.

IN THE BALLET.

"She is gone on the stage."

Her maiden aunt shuddered as she read it; then, as if the very letter containing the news was contaminating, she took it between her finger and thumb and dropped it into the hollow of the fire. While she watched it burn, she wiped the finger and thumb that had held it upon her handkerchief.

"One of *our* family, above all a female member of it on the stage," she muttered to herself, and her brow darkened. "Her father has done right to disown her; we will never look upon her more."

* * * * * * *

Who was she?

Miss Ruth Vere, according to the name given her by her godfathers and godmothers. Miss Rose Vincent in the bills of the play. A silly little girl of eighteen, no more fit to battle this hard world by herself than—nay, I've been to clever for myself now, I can't find a comparison. Assist me, gentle reader; think of some charming, innocent minded, unworld-tainted little coquette of your own acquaintance, and picture her as my heroine.

A little English beauty, with light brown hair and blue eyes; a complexion that would sorely puzzle a painter's skill to imitate on canvas, so charmingly were the tints of health and beauty mingled. A smiling, dimpled face, a perfect form, a soft, musical voice, and a coquettish, winning manner. A stage-struck little girl—stage struck from the very first time she had seen a play. A mind highly poetic, which, like a harp, merely wanted some master power to vibrate the chords to discourse most exquisite music. A bright, pure soul, that saw in everything a picture of innocent beauty.

So the fairies were real fairies to her; their tinsel home a paradise. She wept for the sorrows of the lovers, and she fell in love with the hero. Her family were very genteel people—very genteel. They also, for the most part, had an objection to theatres.

She was on a visit to an uncle, who, liking to go to the play now and then, was looked upon as a rather black sheep. It was with him she first entered a play house. He took her to see the pantomime; he and his wife, they had no children of their own, and were very fond of her. Alas! at the time of the commencement of our tale, they had forth been dead some years. Miss had been sent to boarding school, where she had read Shakespeare for the first time; a volume of whose works was the precious property of a school mate, who used to read it with her. Oh, those delightful moonlight nights, when she ought to have been asleep, but was reading instead, and when sleep would come at last, how cruel she thought it!

Those delightful moonlight nights! Why was not every night a moonlight one—or else why was it impossible to smuggle in a candle. She was at a boarding school some years, so was the lucky owner of the Shakespeare, and she soon became able to spout all the great speeches bequeathed to Juliet, Desdemona, Ophelia, &c. This she use often to do for the edification of the other young ladies during the absence of the mistress—the old story of the cat and the mouse, you know.

At last she left school. At home she knew she never dared even to mention the name of Shakespeare. At last a day arrived when her father summoned her into his library—he had something of importance to tell her. He had arranged a marriage between her and the son of an old friend of his, who was very rich. She knew the old friend, but she didn't know the son. She had a great dislike for the old friend—he was a very crabby old man, and she had no doubt his son was a very crabby young one. So she made up her mind she would *not* marry the young one. Her father insisted. She still refused. Her father desired that she might be locked in her room until she came to her senses. She *was* locked in her room, and she did know that she had nearly gone out of them. Every day for a week was she summoned to her father's presence in the library. Every day he put to her the question, would she receive in a becoming manner the gentleman to whom she was betrothed? Every day she declared she hated him, and when he entered the room she would leave it. Every day she was sent back to her chamber again, to be a prisoner until the following morning.

So she grew more and more obstinate, for the mere fact of her father's saying "she *should* marry this man." She declared in her heart she wouldn't—and she could be a very stubborn little girl when she took the freak into her head. At last the roses began to fade from off her cheeks, and her father, seeing this, desired her maid to accompany her for a short walk.

It was then a wicked little plan which her wicked little noddle had during her imprisonment conceived, flashed in all its evil glory before her mind's eye. She would give her maid the slip and run away from home. Alas! an opportunity for so doing presented itself. Her maid had a weakness for sweetstuffs—and, while standing and watching their daring feats. In a certain street, down which they passed, performed a most delightful group—such lovely spangles, such beautiful ribbons encircled their noble brows. Their faces and hands *were* a little dirty, truly, but what of that? That enchanting piece of carpet upon which they stood upon their heads—classical amusement! But while the maid was admiring all this the young mistress fled.

Whither, she didn't know. She had no idea. She had saved a lot of pocket money—several pounds, in fact. All this she had with her, and—

"What, Ruth—it can't be!"

She turned her head, and saw standing by her side her old school friend Ada lent her the Shakespeare.

"Why, my child, whatever *are* you doing in this quarter of the world? Where are you running—and alone, too?"

"Emily! Oh! don't take me back."

"Take you back?"

"Yes; I have run away from home."

"For goodness sake—why?"

And Ruth made Emily her *confidante*. Emily was by four years Ruth's senior, and the very worst person she could possibly have met with on such an occasion. Instead of reasoning with Ruth and leading her back, she told her she had done quite right. She called Mr. Vere a hard-hearted brute, and offered to protect her against such a tyrant as he. And Emily thought she was acting quite right by so doing. Truly her heart was in the right place, but it was a foolish, unwise heart.

Nay, worse. This was the tale of Emily's life. When she had left school, where, by-the-bye, she had been looked upon as rather a dunce, her father had failed. He was a banker. He was a widower, and his little daughter was his only child. Her mother had been an actress before he married her, and her mother's brother was now the manager of a very large provincial theatre. Her father, soon after his failure, died broken-hearted. So she went to her uncle, the manager, for assistance. Having a taste for the stage, he brought her out. Two or three years passed, and at last she began to tire of being so long in one theatre. So she told him so, also informing him that she had already obtained an engagement elsewhere. He was astonished, called her ungrateful, and refused his consent. High words arose between them. At last she so enraged him that he—most ungentlemanly truly—told her to go to the devil. She said no, she was about leaving him. They had never seen each other nor even once corresponded since. This had happened just twelve months ago. She was now in London—not acting, but making her theatrical arrangements for the coming season. In fact, she had made them; was going in two days to Theatre Royal, Greentown, one of the principal provincial play houses. Here was a chance for Ruth—would she go with her to Greentown? She had, no doubt, she could obtain her an engagement in the same company as herself. Of course, it could only be in the *ballet*, and to play very, very small parts at first. She could dance a little, couldn't she? Ruth could dance in a drawing room very charmingly.

Ruth would so much like to go on the stage. So Emily took her home with her, and the next day obtained an engagement for her as her sister, Miss Rose Vincent. Ruth gave Emily all her money, and Emily laid it out to the best advantage for her.

So she left London well stocked with everything she should require for the stage. Emily had also taken the precaution to supply her with some new modern attire, so that if some folks were seeking for her they could not recognise her by her costume. Some folks did seek for her, but also some folks never found her.

At length came the eventful day for leaving London. Arrived at the railway terminus at seven o'clock in the morning, to catch the parliamentary train, Miss Emily procured the tickets, while Miss Rose stayed with the baggage. Any one could tell that the baggage was overweight; but Miss Emily, understanding how to tip the railway guard, nobody did tell it.

When they were seated in the train, Rose for the first time felt a strange, choking sensation, as if there was something in her throat that she couldn't swallow. She—well one would have liked to have had a good cry, but she was too proud for that. She couldn't understand why this was so, but it was.

Quitting London, her native town. Oh, that sweet love we bear to our birth place, to the home of all our early joys and sorrows. Quitting London—when to return? Ah! when. Yet she never dreamt of going back—never dreamt of returning to her father and craving his forgiveness. Oh, no; that horrible marriage. She knew her father's sternness; she knew her father's power of will. Nay, she was her father's child, and had a will of her own, and she looked upon that marriage as she looked upon the tomb.

At the station, at the door of the same carriage in which she sat, stood a mother and son, a boy of some sixteen summers. It was plain they were parting for some length of time. The boy was about leaving his mother, a widow by her costume. They were both striving to be brave—both striving to conceal the agony warring in their breasts. It wanted yet five minutes to the time of starting. Oh, those cruel five minutes—what an age of pain. Ah, could but one hour, even with all its suffering, be called back. Oh, what advice poured from that mother's lips in those brief minutes. Never had her boy seemed so dear to her, and never to him had a mother's voice been so full of music; never had he valued it so as he did now he was about to lose it.

Pacing the platform with slow and halting steps, were a young man and woman. They were lovers—I confess it. Neither did they care now who guessed it nor who did not; hand in hand they walked. Two hands in a farewell embrace. They talked in half-whispers, jealous lest the sounds of their voices should reach stranger ears. Oh, those love vows—those love vows. Ever and anon she'd ply her hand cerchief to her eyes, trying to do so unseen, and he would press her hand and—

"Well, good-bye, grandfayther. I shall coom and see thee ere the month's out."

"Ah, mind thou dost, lass. Mind and take care o' thy self," and an old countryman got into the carriage.

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"Aye."

"Shoove him further under the seat, grandfather. Ah, look here, I was nigh taking the sandwidges back wi' me." She handed them in.

"Thank'ee, lassie."

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"Farewell, my darling. Be true to me, as I will be to you," murmured he.

The mother threw her arms around her boy's neck. How the tears, unbidden, flowed! "God bless you, my boy!" she whispered.

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Twenty miles from London. Time for refreshment, thought Emily. Forth from under the seat she drew a basket, forth from the basket she drew a bottle, and forth from the bottle into a little tumbler she poured some weak brandy and water. The inner being thus prepared for further nourishment, a certain pork pie, cut into quarters, was discussed. At last they came to the half-way station.

"What, wait here half an hour, guard? Oh, I shall get out and have a stretch, then. Come on, Rose."

Rose did come on, that is, she followed Emily. While they were walking up and down the platform a gentleman approached, bowed, and observed upon the weather. Rose clung closer to Emily. Emily stared at him for a minute and then walked coolly on. He followed. Presently he bavarded another remark. "How very tedious a long journey was in a train; was it not?"

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He wasn't a little one, but, alas, he was able to squeeze in somewhere, and, alas again, that somewhere happened to be beside Rose. He was a moderately clever man was this strange gentleman, and he somehow managed to entangle the two girls into a conversation. He was a perfect walking edition of "Joe Miller's Jest Book," so full was he of jest and anecdote.

He was a man of a few more than thirty years of age. Light hair, parted in the centre, slightly curling long whiskers and moustache, large, white teeth—he laughed very often on purpose to show them; large, dark eyes; well formed features; small, white hands; feet encased in the latest patent leathers, and he was rather tall. Emily at last grew to like him. As the bird is fascinated by the serpent, so was Rose fascinated by this man.

Time wore on. At last the evening star, the herald of approaching night, beamed in the heavens; darkness came on, and there was no light in the carriage. There had for some time been a lull in the conversation. Rose's little ungloved hand hung listlessly by her side, and she was gazing out at the night-dimmed meadows. Her thoughts had once more flown towards home. A small, white hand glided like a cat does just before pouncing on it's unwary prey, till she had nearly gone out of them. Every day for a week was she summoned to her father's presence in the library. Every day he put to her the question, would she receive in a becoming manner the gentleman to whom she was betrothed? Every day she declared she hated him, and when he entered the room she would leave it. Every day she was sent back to her chamber again, to be a prisoner until the following morning.

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Then she felt a trembling seize her in every limb; her breath came and went in gasps; she hadn't power to move; her voice appeared to have flown from her; her hand seemed chained to his. So fled some minutes—she could not tell how long—each minute was an age of pain. Oh, if Emily would but speak to her—or even move—anything to break that dreadful silence—to break that dreadful spell. But Emily was asleep by her side, and most of those around them slept.

Suddenly, with a quick movement made to appear as if occasioned by a slight cough, he slipped his arm round her waist. An icy shudder swept through her frame. The spell was broken at last, and a slight shriek burst from her lips. It woke Emily.

"What's the matter, Rose?"

"Oh, nothing, only a little faintness. Will you change places, please, Emily? I should so like to sit beside the window." Emily immediately rose. As the girls were shifting seats, Mr. Strange Gentleman's hand was busy in his coat tail pocket—looking for his handkerchief. Emily was now seated between him and Rose. Mr. Strange Gentleman blew his nose, and behind his handkerchief muttered a very naughty word.

At last that long, tedious journey came to an end. All the passengers had alighted. Mr. Strange Gentleman would insist upon assisting them to look after their luggage. Everything was right and square enough, and in the parcels office, to be sent to the Theatre Royal on the following morning. The Theatre Royal, Greentown. Mr. Strange Gentleman didn't seem at all astonished when he heard their destination.

In fact, strange to say, he had entered into a short conversation with Emily about theatricals during the former part of the journey. That may be, how he caused Emily slightly to like him. Ladies and gentlemen of the theatrical profession are mostly fond of stagy conversation. Persons having a fund of knowledge in this department are consequently of very superior attainments in their eyes.

Is there a profession so much loved by its members as that of the stage? An actor's art and his heart are mostly the same thing. Might Mr. Strange Gentleman escort the ladies to the theatre? He should be awfully happy to do so. Miss Emily replied for herself and sister, who stood trembling by her side, and thanked Mr. Strange Gentleman so much, but they were not going to the theatre that evening, neither were they going anywhere to need his escort. Mr. Strange Gentleman hoped they were not offended with his offer. Miss Emily observed how obliged she would feel if Mr. Strange Gentleman would kindly mind his own business. Mr. Stranga Gentleman slightly bowed without raising his hat, and gnawed the end of his moustache.

The two young ladies left the railway station. No second were to ensue of night for Mr. Strange Gentleman than Rose burst into tears. Whatever could be the matter. Rose sobbed and cried in such a manner as to quite alarm Emily. Emily attributed it to home sickness. They went into a confectioner's shop and regaled themselves with sandwiches and sherry. Leaving the shop, "Where are we going now?" whispered Rose to Emily.

"To search for lodgings, child," was the reply.

Reader, have you ever been in a strange town, not knowing a soul among the inhabitants, and searching for lodgings? Have you ever experienced that miserable, utter homeless feeling which is attendant upon such an event? If you haven't, and are never doomed to, yours is a very lucky star. "Pooaw," you say, "there are hotels." Yes, true, sir; but pardon me. It isn't every one who can quite afford hotel prices. One young lady friend couldn't quite. Nine o'clock at night, too. Seeking for a private lodging at nine o'clock at night is generally an unpleasant task. The hopes of three landladies had they raised, the hopes of three landladies had they crushed, for Emily, who was of course the party in this affair, was rather particular. At last they were ensconced in a comfortable domicile; two rooms on a first floor over a little doctor's shop. There—I think I am right in saying—they had tea. Oh, what horrible dreams had Rose that night. Her sleep was perfectly haunted by visionary beings bearing the semblance of Mr. Strange Gentleman. She thought he was continually showing those large white teeth of his, continually laughing his disagreeable, contemptuous laugh, and at last she thought he tore out her heart, rent it in twain, and crushed it beneath his feet.

At twelve o'clock the next day the two young ladies presented themselves at the theatre. A number of ladies and gentlemen, members of the theatrical company about startling the inhabitants of Greatown with their histrionic ability, were walking up and down and chatting in various groups upon the stage.

"Why, it's never my Miss Vincent after all!" said a young lady, rushing across the stage to Emily the moment our heroines entered.

"What, Miss Montmorency. Lor, my dear child, I am so glad you are here. I had no idea of it—haven't seen a bill yet."

Then there was a lot of kissing. Miss Emily Vincent introduced her sister. More kissing. Then Miss Montmorency bore our two young ladies away in triumph, and introduced them to the great Miss Agatha Malthassington, the leading lady. Miss Malthassington was generally known as a most amiable lady, but she felt her superiority above those of her *confreres*, and slightly showed it. The head of our poor little heroine, Rose, was by this time in a perfect, unsteadyable whirl. A new world had suddenly come into existence before her. She, you know, had never been behind the scenes before. The empty auditorium, only lighted by a small window or two up at the back of the gallery—only the backs of the scenes visible. Oh! it was like a dream. A thought led into never-ending streets, and forests, and fairy bowers, nothing but a dirty brick wall. She looked up, and saw two men lying across a beam and fastening a scene up, and there she saw, too, how that beautiful light she had beheld in fairy glens was created by a lot of common gas jets. And at the back of the stage, too—oh, world of bewilderment!—there were the scenic artist painting one of those identical fairy glens she had so admired—painting it—she had always thought it was created by enchantment. Here her meditations were cut short by the leading lady turning towards her and inquiring what she was engaged for

"Oh, I'm in the *ballet*," replied she, falteringly. She wonder if she had done anything wrong, for the great lady looked at her in surprise, and then turned on her heel and walked to the other end of the stage. Then came up to her an elderly gentleman, rather tall and rather shaggy looking.

"Are you in the *ballet*, my dear?" said he; "how d'ye do? Mademoiselle Taglioni, here's one of your ladies." And he led her towards a stout young lady. "Oh," said the stout young lady, "the *ballet's* called at ten tomorrow, my dear," and so saying, she walked away.

And then three young ladies of about her own age came up to her and introduced themselves as being also of the *ballet*, and invited her to go with them and see the dressing-room. They went and saw the dressing room, and each of the young ladies wrote their names above a certain portion of a dresser with drawers. They wrote their names with a bit of chalk, which they had begged from one of the carpenters about the theatre. And they asked where Rose lived, and they promised to "come and see her."

At last Emily left her from the theatre. Emily had a bed to let, and most of the afternoon she wrote from the book on some sheets of note paper. The next morning Mlle Taglioni taught Rose and several other young ladies certain steps and figures, in the execution of which they were to display their grace on the opening night.

The opening night at last arrived—the *ballet*—Rose in short petticoats. Oh, what would she not have given to be able to wear her long skirts that night. The lights, the music, the audience. She felt so nervous up till just before she had to go on, and then a kind of desperation seized hold of her, and she went through all she had rehearsed as one in a dream. Then two or three nights passed, and now her repetition of the steps seemed more used to them, and some of the gentlemen of the company flirted with and flattered her, and after a few nights she didn't mind their compliments so much. And she gradually awakened from the beautiful dream she had of theatrical life.

At last, one night, as she was leaving the theatre, the call-keeper put into her hand a note, which had been left for her. She opened it and to her astonishment found it was from a strange gentleman, offering to escort her from the theatre every evening.

She blushed deep crimson without knowing why, and tore the letter into little bits. Then a sudden shudder thrilled through her frame; she felt that the author of that insolent note was Mr. Strange Gentleman, whom she had been so annoyed by in the train. So she turned back, and the front doors not yet being closed, she and Emily left the theatre that way. The next night a very handsome bouquet of flowers was left for her at the stage door, and in the centre of it was placed a beautiful ring. But this she left with the hall keeper, and begged him to return it to the gentleman who left it, should he ever appear again. And the ballet ladies got to hear of all this, and Miss Jones (one of the ladies) spoke before Rose and all the others about the quietness of some people, and the becoming modesty with which some people treated presents from strangers, and that diamond rings weren't always presented for nothing, but then she remembered an old proverb which said "Still waters run deep," and she dared say that some people who pretened to be so good were really worse than their neighbors, if the truth were only known. Oh, she hated hypocrisy.

But all this fell harmless upon Rose, for she didn't understand it, and she was still more surprised when she found all eyes turned upon her. Then it was Miss Smith, another young lady in the *ballet*, came up to her and kissed her, and whispered, "Don't mind them; you did quite right, dear—will you lend me your powder and puff for a minute?"

It was just then, too, that the call boy tapped at the door. "Who's there?" inquired a dozen voices.

"A present for Miss Rose Vincent," replied he, and a bouquet was handed in. Miss Jones turned pale with indignation. No letters or presents had ever been left at the stage door for her. "Well, ladies," said she, turning to the other girls, "if you don't mind who you associate with, I do. I shall ask Mr. Manager to let me dress in another room," and she bounded out, banging the door after her.

"What's the matter?" said Rose, looking up from the bonbonnière for the first time.

"Oh, you don't know, Miss Innocence, of course not," said Miss Robinson; then, turning up her nose, she bounced out after Miss Jones.

"What do they mean?" said Rose, in utter astonishment, to Miss Smith.

"Oh, they're jealous, dear. They haven't the chances we have, and so they're spiteful. I've forgotten my soap and towel, dear, lend me yours—thanks."

"But what do you mean by chances? I really don't understand," said Rose, following Miss Smith to the washing place.

"Oh, they know how kind your friend is to you, and—"

"My friend? What do you mean?"

"Why, you know, the—the—Oh, hang it, there isn't any more warm water. Oh, what a shame!"

All of a sudden there rushed into Rose's mind some idea of what they meant, and she ran back to her dressing place and burst into tears.

Presently Miss Smith re-approached her to return the soap and towel. "Why, what are you crying for, silly; don't take on like that, you'll spoil my watches—lend me your hare's foot and color, there's a dear?"

And Rose was glad when that night was over, and as she crossed the stage with the *bonbonière* in her hands, to return it to the hall keeper, she saw two or three of those who passed look another way, or cough behind their hand, or give her the cut direct, and she felt that she was looked upon as a black sheep.

She had suddenly, it seemed, burst from childhood into womanhood. She went home as quickly as she could, and there, to Emily's astonishment, wept bitterly for some time, and she wrote a letter and wouldn't let Emily know its contents until she had posted it, for fear she should make her change her mind, and then she told her how it was a letter to her father, telling him where she was, and that if he would only break off her marriage with Mr. Hughes she would instantly return, and, by future dutifulness, would do all she could to make amends for her great fault.

Then Emily told her that she had been very silly, and that her absence from the theatre would cause a worse report to be spread abroad about her, besides one most probably cost her (Emily) her engagement. And she persuaded Rose to remain a member of the theatrica company until at least she received a reply to the letter she had sent to her father. She insisted that Rose was mistaken, and assured her that no evil opinion reigned in any one's mind concerning her. So Rose consented, and remained at the theatre.

She never received a reply to her letter to her father.

A few days after this a young gentleman, who had just been received by the manager as a pupil for the stage, made his first appearance, in no very ambitious part it is true but what little he had to do was rendered so carefully and in such a promising manner as to win the approbation of all on both sides of the curtain.

A fine, handsome young fellow, was this Mr. Walsingham. Miss Rose Vincent saw Mr. Walsingham, and she liked him better than she had ever liked anybody in or out of the theatre before. Mr. Walsingham saw Miss Rose Vincent and he paid her the most polite and gentlemanly attentions. At last, after a day or two, Mr. Walsingham begged permission to see the Misses Vincent safely to their homes of a night. The Misses Vincent granted Mr. Walsingham such permission, and in shaking hands with the ladies at the door of their abode, and in bidding them good night, he always shook hands with Rose last, and he held her hand in his a little longer than he did Emily's, and somehow she felt no desire to hasten the parting, and he always said good night to her in softer tone than he did to her companion; and now Rose felt so happy and so light-hearted, though she didn't know why. She sang nothing but love song—all day—always quietly to herself, too—and she didn't know why; and instead of a saucily passing through her frame, as it had done when Mr. Strange Gentleman had taken hold of that evening in the train, a thrill of pleasure would dart through her veins when Mr. Walsingham clasped her palm to his and —— She was in love.

A month sped by. Oh! month of happiness. The most delicious period her life had ever known, and during that month Mr. Walsingham had continued paying her the most polite attentions. She had received no reply to the letter to her father. She had heard no more of or from Mr. Strange Gentleman. She felt, whatever might be Mr. Walsingham's lot, if she might only share it her happiness would be complete.

One day, at the end of the month, during the rehearsal, Miss Smith, who had behaved kinder to her than any of the other girls, asked to go with her for a short walk during the afternoon. To refuse had been churlish. She consented, and they went for their walk. Suddenly, when they were alone in a long country lane, a carriage drove rapidly by, and then as suddenly pulled up. Three men jumped from it, and to their astonishment came towards them. "Bravo! at last," said one. Rose thought she recognised the voice, and looked up into the speaker's face. It was Mr. Strange Gentleman.

"Good girl," said he, patting Miss Smith's shoulder, "you've kept your word, there's a sovereign for you." "What do you mean?" said she, fingering the coin he had just given her to his feet, and turning very red in the face. "Oh, that's the game, is it? Hold her, lads, and don't let her go till I'm well off with this other." No sooner were his directions given than they were followed. The two men who were with him seized Miss Smith, who struggled and cried lustily for help, until the ruffians at last gagged her with a thick neckcloth. Rose, too astonished until now to utter a sound, being caught in the arms of Mr. Strange Gentleman, uttered a loud shriek. He was bearing her towards the carriage, when a young fellow jumped over the hedge. He had evidently been lying in the meadow beyond, reading, for he threw a book from his hand as he leapt, and his coat was covered with small wisps of straw. In an instant Rose was relieved from the arms of Mr. Strange Gentleman, and he was lying nearly stunned in the ditch. With joy Rose recognized in her preserver Mr. Walsingham, who was now, with a stout stick, belaboring the two men that held Miss Smith prisoner. The men, who had nothing wherewith to protect themselves against the shower of blows that was descending upon them, turned and fled. Mr. Strange Gentleman, seeing what events were taking place, groped into the carriage, and was driven off in a whirlwind past. When the two girls were alone with their protector, Miss Rose was astonished to find her self weeping on his breast, and Miss Smith down upon her knees before them.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me," cried Miss Smith; "I am guilty, but not as much as you perhaps think. He is a cruel, cruel villain, but I never knew it till now; he told me a friend of his loved you, Rose, loved you with an honorable passion, but that you were too coy to grant him an interview. He wished me to bring you here one day, when he and his friend would meet us. For a long time I would not. I don't know why, but I felt as if evil would happen should I do so. At last, in a weak moment, I consented, and——. Oh, forgive me, forgive me; I have told you the whole truth; indeed, indeed I have."

She was forgiven, and, for her sake, Rose and Walsingham never mentioned the adventure to a soul. But Rose never again went on the stage.

On the following day Rose and Walsingham went out for a little walk together for the first time. Rose felt perfectly safe from all strange gentlemen when he was by her side. Strange to say, the conversation suddenly veered round to the very interesting topic called "Love."

And still stranger, he, in the midst of such a conversation, told her that he loved *her*, and prayed her to feel a like passion for him. And then her fingers nervously twitching at the ends of her bonnet strings, her bosom heaving, her face crimsoned, her eyes brimming with joyful tears, with quivering lip she whisperingly told him how he was beloved by her already.

And would she become a poor country actor's bride? Yes, with all her heart and soul she was his; whatever his lot, it would be joy to her to share it. Then, as if she suddenly and only just understood what she had said, she looked up into his face in a frightened manner and appeared about running away from him. But Mr. Walsingham saw it had been the thoughtless, untutored outpouring of an innocent heart. He saw how unskilled she was in the world's wiles—how neither heart nor brain contained a single thought or knowledge of guile. And he loved her with all the love a good man must feel towards truth, innocence and purity.

Then he drew her gently to his bosom and kissed her. Oh, that first kiss of true love. The sweetest kiss in a human lifetime. Presently he held up her pretty face between his hands, and looking full into her eyes, asked her if she wouldn't sign her name in that great book in the vestry, on their wedding day, "Ruth Vere," instead of "Rose Vincent." She seemed astonished for a moment, then said:—"I see you know all, Emily has told you, but you will not think any the less of me for it, will you?"

"Think the less of you darling? No. Say rather will you think the less of me when you know all. I am acquainted with your little adventure, Miss Vincent—Emily, as you call her—never told me a word about it, though." Then, strange to say, he took from his pocket the letter she had written to her father, and read it aloud to her. "And now," said he, with a half laughing, mock heroic air, "allow me to inform you that in Mr. Walingham, to whom you have confessed your love, you beholed none other than that horrible, much to be-avoided, and so heartily detested wretch—Clement Hughes. But for his supporting arms she would literally have fallen with astonishment.

"Yes, I am that being, dearest—the son of your father's old friend. It was to avoid me you have undergone the peril of braving the world. Luckily I was your father's guest when he received your letter. He was going to disown you—cut you off with a shilling, and o

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1872.

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ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **We never answer questions by mail. All** addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

G. W., St. Louis, Mo.—1. In casino, at the outset of the game, the dealer gives each player four cards, one at a time, and either four more, face upwards, upon the board. After the first cards are all played, four others must be dealt to each player, one at a time, until the pack is exhausted; but it is only in the first deal round that any cards are to be turned up. In case of a misdeal, the dealer forfeits the game and all depending upon it. 2. You cannot call out until the hand is played, unless you are playing, by special agreement, the "call out game."

YOUNG AMERICA, Boston, Mass.—1. Charles Gayler is the author of "Fritz, Our Cousin German," acted by J. K. Emmett. 2. To copyright a play you have a title page printed which you enclose with one dollar, addressed to the librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., marked on the outside "Copyright matter," and it will go free of postage. He will return you a certificate of copyright. 3. The literary merit of the play has nothing to do with the copyright.

BILLIARDS, Lockport, Ill.—The custom in the case you mention varies. In the leading rooms, in estimating the damage, the character of the player as a customer is considered, together with the fact whether the tearing of the cloth was the result of an accident or careless ness in playing. A gentleman would not refuse to pay a fair compensation for the injury, and which may be put down at $40.

C. W. S., Cincinnati.—The quickest time by steamer from Sandy Hook to Queenstown is 7 days 20 hours and 10 minutes, by the City of Brussels, Inman line. 2. The same steamer has also made the best time between Liverpool and Sandy Hook, viz.—6 days 11 hours and 10 minutes. The next fastest trip was made by the Cunard steamer, Russia, viz.:—8 days, 14 hours and 45 minutes. 3. Not recorded.

C. W. DYER, Boston.—The best twenty mile trotting time on record is 58min. 25secs., by Capt. McGowan, in harness, Boston, Mass., Oct. 31st, 1868. John Stewart trotted the same distance in 59:25, to wagon, Fashion Course, L. I., Sept. 22d, 1865, and again on Riverside Park, Boston, in 59:23½, to wagon, Oct. 30th, 1868. Mattie Howard's time was 59:30½, in harness, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 7th, 1871.

COAL DIGGER, Connellsville, Pa.—The estimated population of Montreal, Canada, in 1860, was 86,000. According to the last census, Pittsburgh, Pa., had a population of 86,076; Reading, 33,930; Milwaukee, Wis., 71,440; Wheeling, W. Va., 19,280; Allegheny, Pa., 53,180; Ironton, O., 5,636; Gallipolis, 3,713; and Youngstown, 5,075.

OLD SCOUT, Brooklyn, L. I.—1. The majority of circuses, after the regular performances are over, allow contests to be given in the ring, which those of the audience that choose to pay an extra fee are allowed to attend. 2. Yes, there is a line of cars running through Bleecker street that pass the Bowery Theatre, and their up time is at Fulton ferry.

LOCUST POINT, Baltimore.—A wins both bets, for Lexington has only a record of 1:34¾ mile time, having only run one race of mile heats during his turf career. The time he made for a mile in his races of two, three and four mile heats does not go on the record, being fractional parts of the entire distance run.

T. S., Chicago.—A wins, for Horace Greeley did not carry a state north of Mason and Dixon's line. Those states are Vermont, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, Rhode Island, New York, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan.

A TRAVELING MANAGER.—Your observations are correct, but the remedy, in our opinion, rests with agents and managers; so long as they tolerate such people just so long will they be annoyed in the manner described. We will consider your suggestion, as you suggest, be put in force, the nuisance might be abated.

J. P., Wappinger's Falls.—B can take A's build of "tens," which he has fattened twice, with the hands. If we are correct in the first time A fattened it, but could leave it on the board as long as he thought proper.

NONSENSE, Cincinnati.—1. You can place your ace on the ace, deuce on a trey on the four and a call that makes seven. 2. You can place the four on the board on the tray you build, and then playing an ace on them, call it nine. He cannot build from the table.

HONROR, Chicago.—You are right; with 4 and 3 on the board, and 5 having just laid a 6 on the 4, making it four, he could not put a 6 on the 4, call it 10, and take it; but B could play a 6 out of his hand on A's build of 4, and call it ten.

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The most legitimate success of the season. Mr. Grover received more applause in his protean drama, "I. O. U.," than any four artists in America. Every situation a call, every act doubly encored, and the house filled from pit to dome. The press of New York unanimous in his praise; even the editor of the New York Mercury criticises "I. O. U." as follows:—"J. Holmes Grover, of whom mention has been written and said for the past few years, opened in this city on the 18th in his sensational protean drama, "I. O. U.; or, The Way of the Wicked," and met with enthusiastic applause. As a character actor he displays marked talent. The hits made with Mr. Grover in the prologue as Eddie Livingstone, an effete boy, aged sixteen, and in this character he at once stamped himself as a favorite. The drama afterward introduces him as Thompson Crockett, a negro, when he made a most satisfactory compliment. After his accompanying as Michael McLarty, an Irishman; Hans Von Schnickleritz, a Dutchman, and Pierre La Voir, a Frenchman, were clever and successful. Mr. Grover received half a dozen calls, and throughout the week the business has been very fine. The drama will run through Mr. Grover's entire engagement."
Opera House, Troy, this week; Park Theatre, Brooklyn, Dec. 9th. Address [35-1t] COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

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for first-class reliable traveling company, for about six months, commencing Long about Dec. 15th. COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 35-1t

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I desire to call your attention to the following circus property which I have for sale:—
It consists in part of twelve Platform Spring Wagons (made by Wiest, of St. Louis, five of which are covered vans, to wit:—
1 ticket wagon, bill wagon, trunk wagon, &c. Also, one eighty-five foot round-top tent, new, with a thirty-foot centre piece, poles, cordages and everything complete. Also, one stable tent, 70 by 30 feet, with trough and fixtures, with a capacity to stable sixty-five horses. Also, a lot of jacks, uprights, seats, &c. Also, a complete set of wardrobe and properties, banners, lead-bars and everything necessary to operate a circus. Also, the celebrated trick Horse,
"ORLANDO, THE FIRE KING."
The above property is in good condition and carefully stored. I will sell the entire lot at a great bargain for cash; or I will sell any part thereof desired at a rate far below actual cash value.
All those having occasion for such property will do well to communicate with the undersigned before buying elsewhere.
Address W. M. CHAPMAN,
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Hardin County, Iowa.

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WITH HIS EVENING STAR SERENADERS
AND BRASS BAND.
VARIETY TALENT WANTED.
Salary moderate but sure. Address BEN. F. BOWEN,
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J. P. ADAMS,

the celebrated American Comedian, just returned from Australia, will appear in his new original sensation drama, entitled
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Managers having open dates please address
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WANTED—A DUTCH COMEdian, a Lady Vocalist, a Lady Song and Dance Artist and two Double Song and Dance Men. Two days' engagement. Best salary paid. No frauds need apply. Engagements to commence Dec. 16th, 1872. Address, stating terms,
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TO MAGICIANS.

I want the services of an
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for a season of five months. Answer, stating the amount of baggage, whether having stage curtains, and the ability to change programmes complete three times a week, and lowest salary. Address immediately, HARRY WESTON,
35-1t* Zanesville, O.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

OF
THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION
who have not had dealings with us in the past, and may be
TEMPTED
to engage with us in the future, we would answer a few of the allegations made in one "Green wall" card in the business of the Clipper. As the question of
SALARIES
is the most important to you, we would state that we have in our possession a receipt book, which contains receipts, dated October 30th, 1872, signed by every member of
GREENWALL'S COMPANY,
each receipt ending with the words
"RELIEVING YOU FROM ALL FURTHER CLAIMS AGAINST YOU."
After having submitted to our
ARROGANCE AND ILL-BREEDING
(so aliased)
WHAT ATTRACTIONS WE MUST HAVE SEEN TO THAT
to have TEMPTED them to wait in uncertainty for two weeks and waste car-fares in coming to our residence seeking engagements! They certainly must have been in great need of engagements to have desired to undergo such an ordeal.
ARROGANCE AND ILL-BREEDING
as they allege they submitted to from us. In regard to notices of the great "Green wall" benefit, we shall be unable to write six lines of a notice. We admit we are cheeky. God pity us if we were not, when we had to deal with such creatures as "Greenwall."
Granted these were all written by "Greenwall," he admits to you, ladies and gentlemen of the profession, who may have read his
SICK ARTICLES,
that he wrote
FALSEHOODS
(if the notices were untrue), or else his mind is so weak that he considers his opinion worth nothing. In regard to "Greenwall's" obliging us to bring the company to New York, our contract with this
GREAT SOUTHERN MANAGER
was virtuously at an end before we reached our last stand in New York; and as we were not responsible to the company for anything, we not being known in their contracts, as their contracts will show, certainly he could not have compelled us to do anything of the kind.
We are long suffering and forbearing. Don't waste your money in this sort of thing. You may need it. You are
WELL KNOWN THROUGH THE SOUTH,
and your great effort at managing in New York City was fully appreciated by the public, and we have seen enough of you to know that your ability to enter a town where your company is to perform, and retire immediately after breakfast and linger in blissful repose all day while the business of the concern goes to the dense,
"IS IMMENSE."
We would recommend you to say
WOULD-BE STARS
for their manager. You would surely carry them to glory or the poorhouse in less than a month.
WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE AND CHARITY FOR POOR "GREENWALL,"
who misses his weekly stipend, we await further developments of our
ARROGANCE AND ILL-BREEDING
from a manager from whom we choose to sever our connection on account of his great capacity for injudicious expenditures and sleeping in the daytime.
"Greenwall" has not killed us, either financially or otherwise, and we shall soon be on the road again, and shall be obliged to TEMPT some of the profession to submit to our
ARROGANCE AND ILL-BREEDING
to support us.
35-1t* JOHN S. NORTON.

LAURI FAMILY.

The LAURIS have just perfected an entirely
NEW AND ORIGINAL SCENE,
introducing the mode
STARTLING TRANSFORMATIONS AND
NOVEL EFFECTS.
This new scene will please ten minutes, or can be made to play fifteen minutes, and is specially adapted for introduction in any
SPECTACULAR PLAY.
The scene is performed with that rapidity original with the LAURIS, and is altogether calculated to produce a
GREAT SENSATION.

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M'LLE LAURI,
MASTER CHARLES LAURI,
and MASTER GEO. LAURI,
Nightly RECALLED two or three times in the Parisian Folly,
"ROUND THE CLOCK,"
AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.
Continued success of the
ALADDIN BALLETS
at the Olympic Theatre, N. Y., as arranged and directed by
JOHN LAURI,
whose services have, with the courteous permission of Augustin Daly, Esq., been secured for the arrangement and direction of all the ballets, by MR. ALEXANDER HENDERSON.
1t* JOHN A. MACK, Agent for the Lauris, care Clipper office.

A CARD.

Since my arrival in this country several unprincipled performers, with as little brains as talent, have stolen from me my title of

MAN SERPENT,

under which, for sixteen years, I have met with great success in all the principal cities of Europe, Asia and America. These petty robbers of my title—who can scarcely imitate my acts—compel me to drop my hard-earned sobriquet, and I shall hereafter be known as

THE MAN OF MYSTERY.

Throughout the world, among the many people with whom I have associated, I have never before met with such a deep cast of action, especially where none can accomplish the performances. Managers will understand that where a performer has not brains enough to speak an act, he certainly cannot possess talent enough to earn a salary. As I have never pilfered the professional nom de plume of any person, I trust mine will hereafter remain undisturbed.
PRINCE SADI D'JALMA,
THE MAN OF MYSTERY,
Clipper Office.
P. S.—Next season I shall introduce a new and wonderful act, never before seen in this country, in which I appeared for eight successive months at the Circus Renz, Berlin, Prussia, and created a great sensation. 35-1t*

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ON TIME!
OR,
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By the young American Author, JOHN C. MINE.
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Managers of first-class theatres wishing to arrange time for six or twelve nights for the above named attraction for next season can address JOHN C. MINE, care New York Clipper Office. 35-1t*

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TERMS REASONABLE.
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MEETING of the season of the
EQUESTRIAN BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION
will be held on SUNDAY EVENING NEXT, DEC. 1st, at 7½ o'clock, at TEUTONIA ASSEMBLY ROOMS,
NO. 160 THIRD AVENUE, N. Y.
Members of the society desiring an engagement for the winter will lose the opportunity by not attending.
Members having engagements will please attend also.
35-1t* BY ORDER.

MR. SOTHERN.

This great comedian is in his third week at Wallack's Theatre—and the constant throng of admirers pour in in such numbers that the box office is compelled to be kept open to sell seats one month ahead of the present performance.
THE COMEDIES, GARRICK AND SAM,
are in active preparation, for
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN
has at present, such a vast popularity that its many patrons seem to have given it a new lease of life, and how long MR. SOTHERN'S original creation of THE DUNDREARY will live is, as yet, impossible to predict. 35-1t*

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OF
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SONG AND DANCE AND GENERAL PERFORMERS.
Now in their 14th and last week, open at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Monday, Dec. 2d, four weeks. All letters addressed as above. P. S.—Would like to hear from the FRECIALTY SISTERS, or Little Tommy in the Corner. 35-1t*

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FIRST CLASS TALENT WANTED
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NO WINE ROOM
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Not being any longer connected with the WESTERN STAR CIRCUIT, I am prepared to accept engagements to play the above business. Address MARK M. PRICE,
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Mr. Price, by his admirable impersonations and correct dressing, fully sustains the good reputation that preceded him from the east.—Kansas City Bulletin.
Mr. Adams' Hamlet was enhanced by the effective manner Mr. Price performed the Ghost. No better heavy man has ever visited our city.—Times.
Mr. Price is an actor of versatility. His fashion was a fine personation.—Daily Journal. 35-2t*

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COUNTERFEIT.

COUNTERFEIT.

THE PRESS AND PUBLIC PRONOUNCE IT THE GREATEST SENSATIONAL DRAMA OF THE DAY.

MR. HARRY AMLAR,

THE FAVORITE ETHIOPIAN COMEDIAN,
RECEIVED NIGHTLY WITH BOUNDS OF APPLAUSE AND GENUINE CALLS AT END OF EACH ACT.

MR. SPENCER PRITCHARD,

AUTHOR AND BUSINESS MANAGER.
BOWERY THEATRE, Nov. 18th, 1872.
MESSRS. FREEMAN AND AMLAR.—GENTLEMEN:—I most congratulate you on your sensational success at this theatre, and on the possession of such a well constructed drama. Counterfeit can be made to prevent a profitable tour through the United States with it, both financially and professionally, and shall be most happy to see you again at the first opening that occurs. Wishing you every prosperity, we remain, yours truly,
WM. E. PRELIGH, Manager.
CHAS. FOSTER, Stage Manager.

OPINIONS OF NEW YORK PRESS.

BOWERY THEATRE.—The new sensational drama, "Counterfeit," has drawn excellent houses at this theatre through the week. Mr. Spencer Pritchard, who plays the character of a detective, is an excellent actor, and plays his role with creditable skill. Mr. Harry Amlar, in the part of Peter G. Washington Green, displays the negro character to perfection. We have rarely seen a more genuine plantation darkey better delineated.—Sunday Times, Nov. 17th.
It draws crowded houses, and Mr. Spencer Pritchard, the author, and Harry Amlar obtain great applause in it. The piece has been splendidly played during the past week, at one of the New York theatres. The play for the most of the scenes now before the public. The plot is good and well worked up, no ludicrous trashy dialogue, and no improbabilities. The end of each act brings an exciting scene, a broken bridge in the third act is no doubt the great sensation of the piece, and, certainly, is a novel and original idea. Messrs Amlar and Pritchard seemed to thoroughly understand their characters, and did not overact them. Harry Amlar is a most natural and laughable negro, and was very funny as Peter G. Washington Green. Mr. Spencer Pritchard is favorably known, both as an actor and author, and as George Hilton, a United States detective, appeared to great advantage. While tracking the villain of the piece, he assumed different disguises, one of which, an English swell, was very graphic and was warmly applauded. "Counterfeit" may be deemed a great success, financially and artistically.—Sunday Mercury, Nov. 17th.
BOWERY THEATRE.—An interesting and exciting play, entitled "Counterfeit; or, The True and False," was played all last week at this house, and introduced to the audience Messrs. Spencer Pritchard and Harry Amlar. Both gentlemen won favor at once by the excellent way with which they sustained their parts. Mr. Pritchard acted the part of a United States detective, and exhibited great cleverness in his assumption of the different disguises through which the officer worksthe ruin of the villain. Mr. Amlar is an excellent representative of the darky, and Peter G. Washington Green is a most amusing personage in his hands.—New York Dispatch, Nov. 17th.
The sensational play of "Counterfeit; or, True and False," has introduced Messrs. Spencer Pritchard and Harry Amlar, and has, moreover, received a very large share of patronage. Many exciting incidents are evolved. Mr. Pritchard plays the part of the detective with a good deal of dash and spirit, and Mr. Amlar makes an amusing darkey servant as Peter G. Washington Green.—New York Courier, Nov. 17th.
A very sensational drama, with the title of "Counterfeit," was produced at the Bowery Theatre on Monday night, and received with favor. The sensations are abundant, and thoroughly well worked up, so that the piece may be deemed a success. The detective and the negro were received splendidly by Mr. Spencer Pritchard and Mr. Harry Amlar, both of whom filled their parts with the requisite dash, spirit and humor.—Evening Telegram, Nov. 18th.
THREE 3 SHEET MAMMOTH CUTS IN 4 COLORS.
ONE 4 SHEET, IN 5 COLORS.

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718 Broadway, New York city, or
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JAKE BERRY, Proprietor.

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The real and only originators of the CATS' DUET, in their Tyrolean Evolutions and beautiful curious instruments. Now in Chicago at Nixon's Amphitheatre. All communications regarding engagements, etc., to be addressed care of S. COLVILLE, Olympic Theatre, New York. 35-2t*

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COL. J. H. WOOD.....Sole Manager.
The co-partnership heretofore existing between COL. J. H. WOOD and WM. E. SINN, in the Globe Theatre, Chicago, Ill., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, and by the withdrawal of WM. E. SINN, who has sold his interest in the said establishment to COL. J. H. WOOD. All engagements made by WOOD AND SINN with performers and employees will be carried out by COL. J. H. WOOD, who, from this date, assumes the entire management of the business, and releases the said WM. E. SINN from all engagements, contracts, &c. WM. E. SINN, for the present, will engage performers for the Globe Theatre, by the authority of COL. J. H. WOOD, and use his best efforts for the success of the same. J. H. WOOD,
(Signed) W. E. SINN.
CHICAGO, Illinois, 19th November, 1872.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN IN EVERY BRANCH OF THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION, especially juvenile ladies, soubrettes, old women, walking ladies, leading, heavy, juvenile and old men, comedians, etc.
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a dramatization of "Evangeline;"
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EVERY TABLEAU CALLED.
The authoress repeatedly brought before the curtain. Ovations.
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WANTED IMMEDIATELY
A GOOD IRISH COMIC SINGER,
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Read the following extracts from the leading Chicago papers:—
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Mr. Hooley's new theatre is without doubt the prettiest and coziest in the city, and we question whether its superior in point of finish, elegance and taste can be found in the United States.
CHICAGO TRIBUNE, OCT. 20th, 1872.
The building was cosy and comfortable, elegant, even luxurious in all its appointments.
INTER OCEAN, OCT. 20th, 1872.
The profusely ornamented and richly gilded balconies and columns, the splendid issue of light, affording a perfect view of the stage from every seat in the house, the fine upholstering, comfortable arrangement of the opera chairs, and, indeed, in a word, the superb general effect achieved in all parts of the house combine to make the theatre a most elegant and valuable addition to the city.
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What the great opera houses are to their respective cities they adorn, each is the refined place of amusement to Chicago. And we should be compelled to go far before we found its prototype in elegance, convenience and general effect.
Opens on the 9th of December, 1872, with the best stock company in America. 35-1t*

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MASTER
JAS. SPEAIGHT,

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GRAND OPENING
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Managers of first class theatres should
WATCH THIS GREAT CARD.
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DRAMATIC, MUSICAL OR BURLESQUE, &c.
Address PROF. J. G. SPEAIGHT,
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IN J. HOLMES GROVER'S
GREAT SENSATION DRAMA OF
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Address, J. H. BUDWORTH,
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WANTED IMMEDIATELY,

to travel with MISS GABRIELLA McKEAN
for the winter season, one GENTLEMAN AND LADY, one Lady for General Business and three good, reliable men, for responsible business. Must all be good dressers. Salaries low but sure.
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A PUZZLE.

A village sketch, in which thirty-five authors are buried, is given in Once it Would—

"Upon by the clover doth in grass arrayed
That skirts the moor edged in with pleasant shade
Of orchard, where swains at spring's behest
When they'll cease to smile.
The birds their sweet, new tones, the trees fair dressed
In blossoms pink and white; or later still,
When one sees lambs disporting on the hill;
Or later, sowed as sugar ricks of hay
The cow perceives and tempted is to stray;
The donkey burns to catch a scanty bite,
And Dick secures to Tom a jolly treat.
In rumbling 'mongst the grass, till their rude foe,
The farmer, comes, who, odd enough, won't know
Why boys with leap-frog art his ricks should spoil,
Alas! he'll curb them soon, and then they'll cease to smile.
Where the long rays across the pathway fall,
John's cottage stands—a p'ace well known to all.
A somewhat crabbed man is John, whose age
The wrinkles of long past eras must engage.
Long since he's taken sides with ancient ways.
And odd and dry denies to modern praise.
His hens to nest made fowl pen take their way.
His foot each night to roost when tired with day.
His dog, as out he yelps defiance loud.
To scamp belligerent 'mongst the schoolboy crowd.
Outwits the song old smith across the way
Hum everlastingly throughout the day.
The parson, as his pen serenely glides
Swift o'er the paper, a moment bides
Annoyed for manner or seems to tire!
Then thinking, 'Ay, why need I aspire,
And to waste eleasance of style on boors?
John's one who never comes within church doors).
He feet each night to rest when tired with day,
His dog, as out he yelps defiance loud.
To scamp belligerent 'mongst the schoolboy crowd,
Outwits the song old smiths across the way
Hum everlastingly throughout the day.
The parson, as his pen serenely glides
Swift o'er the paper, a moment bides
Annoyed for manner or seems to tire!
Then thinking, 'Ay, why need I aspire,
And to waste elegance of style on boors?
(John's one who never comes within church doors).
If my pride were hand tied the name me great labor cost,
Now all erratic to the winds are tossed,
And every line I add is only lost"——

In these doggerel lines the names of thirty-five celebrated men are found, principally poets. None of them are living authors. Here is the key to the puzzle:—1, Fielding; 2, Moore; 3, Keats; 4, Newton; 5, White (Kirke); 6, Lamb; 7, Garrick; 8, Cowper; 9, Burns; 10, Milton; 11, Pope; 12, Hood; 13, Garth; 14, Shakespeare; 15, Gray; 16, Scott; 17, Crabbe; 18, Erasmus; 19, Akenside; 20, Dryden; 21, Shenstone; 22, Foote; 23, Southey; 24, Campbell; 25, Goldsmith; 26, Hume; 27, Spenser; 28, Swift; 29, Sterne; 30, Gay; 31, Steele; 32, Johnson; 33, Wordsworth; 34, Waller; 35, Addison.

WHY HE FORGAVE HIM.

A SKETCH OF CITY LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY OSCAR BRUCE.

Mr. Jacob Wallace was not an extraordinary man in personal appearance. The ordinary description applying to a Gotham merchant will answer for him. Middle aged, clean shaven, bald on the head, with sharp, decisive grey eyes, his every action was vested with quick movement, and he had a manner of coming directly to the point.

There was a little commotion in Mr. Wallace's office on the morning to which we have direct reference—at least we mean commotion out of the usual run. Always was to be heard the dull scratch of the clerks' pens, and the continuous sound of argument from the credit man's office, while outside the bustle of trade was uncessing, the clerks and salesmen moving with garrulous customers amongst the enormous heaps of silks, woolens and cottons. But this occasion was something out of the usual line of trade. A shame-faced and depressed office urchin had been brought before the merciless tribunal of justice on a charge of pilfering. The lad was not a vicious looking boy; his clothes were old and his shoes badly broken, but there was an attempt at cleanliness in his appearance which betokened the anxious care of a mother's hand, and Mr. Wallace spoke a little softly at first to the hard-faced overseer who had brought the offender up for trial.

"You see, Mr. Wallace," said this specimen of incarnate perfection, "I thought this lad had been for some time past in the habit of staying late on errands, and picking up bad company."

"Exactly," said Mr. Wallace, with considerable composure.

"So, by way of trial, I put a two dollar bill on the floor where he would be apt to see it, and my suspicions were verified. He pocketed it."

The hard lines of the merchant's mouth came closer together and the blood left his face.

"Leave this lad here," he said, sharply, "and if I ever hear again of you putting temptation in any one's way about this house I shall discharge you."

The faithful servant withdrew, with a mingled stare of wonder and crestfallenness, and the boy was left with Mr. Wallace.

"Charley," he said, almost kindly, "how did you come to be guilty of such a mean piece of business?"

"I was hungry, sir," the boy replied, sobbing. "I get awful weak sometimes running about the streets, and had only a couple of slices of dry bread to eat during the day."

"Well, now, I am going to overlook this first transgression, but hope never to hear of another from you. Should this be the case, I will punish you and send a note to your mother."

The boy's wages were increased, and he afterwards did well, if it be any satisfaction to the reader to know that.

The remarkable phase of the case was this. Mr. Wallace was one of the strictest employers in New York city. Necessarily so, for he had a large number of employees. Negligence and idleness were always severely punished. and dissipation with instant dismissal, and why he allowed a petty theft to pass unpunished we are about to tell. The illustration might be a very common one did all the leaders in of society and trade use similar mercy and compassion.

Some twenty-five years previous to the above occurrence, a young man applied to a noted mercantile house for a situation. The red faced head of the establishment wishing an assistant book-keeper at the time, he enquired into the applicant's reference and qualifications, and finding them correct, threw the place to him as he would a bone to a cur. The drudgery and toil of the situation were poorly remunerated, the salary being a starvation one, and Jacob Wallace only buttoned his thin seedy coat about him, and stood it because he could do nothing better at the time.

His home was a pleasant one in spite of its poor surroundings. His brother shared the expense of its support, he being a mason, and there was a loving face waiting for them each evening on their return from work. Mrs. Wallace loved them very dearly, and her whole thought was devoted to making a happy, attractive home for her sons. There was a hot supper, a bright fire, and all the little comforts possible, waiting for them after the work and walk of the cold winter's day. She was happy for one thing—she kept them out of harm's way, because she made their homes attractive. A quiet conversation, a book and music, were the home's pleasures of their lives, with an occasional visit to the theatre—a cheap luxury from the gallery, where they witnessed the mock glories of the stage.

One day Harry Wallace had fallen from a scaffolding, and was brought to his mother a mere mass of bleeding flesh, with but little life in his body. On a bed of agony he laid for a period, then death gave him a blessed relief. His poor mother bore up in the window in attending to his bedside, and the future was dismal indeed, as the expenses of the funeral and the surgical attendance had more than swallowed up what little money they had saved, and Jacob was involved hopelessly in debt.

"Work, work, work," was the one burden of his thoughts, and each day found her his mother's heart broken down, and had reluctantly taken to a sick bed, did he realise the fact that the bitterest penury was staring him in the face. One night he had gone home with the blackness of despair gathering about his heart. It was dark when he had left the office, and never until his dying day did he forget the bitter feelings that crowded fast and thick within him. Were he to die, her love was leaving behind, he would have killed himself. A faint fire was flickering in the sick room, sending forth a puny warmth on the chilly atmosphere. A child of one of the neighbors, who kindly watched by the sick lady, was shivering under an old shawl, drawn tightly up under her chin.

"Why, Jane," said poor Jacob, with some attempt at cheerfulness, as he entered, "I have kept you very late. What did the doctor say?"

"He said she warnt no better, and the fever seems to be getting worse than"—— and the child hesitated.

"Well," said Jacob, almost groaning.

"He said his ball must be paid at his next visit, or he will come no more."

"Well; you can go now, Jane. I am so much obliged."

When the child left, he laid his weary head down and sobbed with the weight of his misery. Rent, doctor's bills, baker and butcher, all were clamoring for payment, and he had less than a dollar in his pocket on which they were to subsist until salary day, and then that was but a trifle of which she had faithfully promised to discharge to those who were almost as poor as himself.

His mother, woke from an uneasy sleep, and called him to her, tenderly brushing back the hair from his forehead. "My poor boy, my poor boy," she moaned, "what a burden you have to bear."

"Hot me, but you, mother," he cried, "to see you want long for the comforts of food, and I unable to do anything, oh, it is too hard."

How he passed the night he could never tell. Pacing the floor in his agony, at times he would grasp his hair as though to tear it out by the roots. When morning came there was a bright, clean carpet of snow over the streets, and the white flakes were softly falling.

Haggard and pale, he at length reached the store, and seated himself after drying his soaking, wet feet. Half the morning dragged slowly away. It was the dull season, and he was alone with the clerk. The latter was on the second floor of a building in Liberty street, and the business—importing a class of dry-goods—required but little attention during the dull months of winter.

Shortly before noon the members of the firm commenced to straggle in, and, seating themselves, began to discuss the opera of last night with the utter debauchery, signs of which they bore in their pale faces and dark circles beneath their eyes. Mr. Grapgrind, the senior, had a deeper tinge of color to his face, which now approached a rich, unwholesome purple.

Jacob had made up his mind to ask an advance of wages, and for some money on account, and open his story to them, though there were posted sufficiently well on the poor fellow's misfortune. Seizing a favorable opportunity, as they were sauntering out for a sociable cocktail with which to stimulate appetite, he nervously approached Mr. Gradgrind and opened his petition before him.

"You are overpaid now," said the flinty-hearted scoundrel, "and don't ever dare to intimate that you are not living on your salary, or I shall give you the word to go at once. Understand?"

This was the gall which was thrown instead of oil on the afflicted man's wound. But it changed him—he was desperate and bitterly determined now. The sad, starving face at home was continually before him, and its haunting raised a storm of evil in his bosom.

The short afternoon was drawing to a close, and with twilight the lamps were lighted in the streets. No one returned save Grapgrind, and he was in a beastly state of intoxication. Drunkenly, he intimated his intention to stay in the office all night, and rudely ordered Wallace to go home. Jacob took his hat and muffler, and while the porter was closing the shutters he gave him parting instructions to see everything carefully attended to, and then went out and closed the door, though he had departed. He dropped suddenly, however, and, instead of passing the threshold, slipped into an empty dry goods box which stood near the door. How long he staid there seemed like an eternity, and as the porter brushed past him he was almost afraid the beating of his heart would attract him. The door closed behind him, however, and then he heard the roll of the bolt into its socket, followed by the creaking of the politic shutters.

Jacob had not determined upon any action, but it was a struggle for life and death, and he was prepared for anything. Gradgrind's intoxication seemed to increase, and he staggered unsteadily to the drop light and clumsily struck a light. Jacob could perceive all this from his hiding place, and, straining his eyes to the utmost, perceived him conjuring something in his pocket-book with the knob of the safe. There was a sharp click, and the door of the huge receptacle noiselessly rolled open. Gradgrind took a mammoth roll of bills from his inner vest pocket, and, despo ting it in the safe, grized cautiously about him, and then gave the safe door a slam, the knob its accustomed turns, and turned down the light and dropped like a clod into his chair.

For a long time Jacob was motionless, then came the heavy snoring, which denoted the depth of drunken slumber, and he then emerged from his hiding place. As he creeped nearer to the office he stumbled with a crash, and laid in terror where he had fallen. The sleeping man ceased his nasal music and turned uneasily in his chair, although not awaking, as luck had it. After a time he felt into the old, labored respirations, and Jacob again rose to his feet and cautiously approached. His line of action was now arranged!

The pocket-book held in red ink the figures of the safe's lock combination.

Cautiously he stood by the drunkard, and with great care he extracted the wallet from his coat without disturbing him. Another moment and the gas was gently raised, and he knelt by the safe, straining his eyes for the application. Time after time he tried it, but without avail, and just as he was despairing, he struck it, and the inner bolts slid back with almost a noiseless click. Another instant and his hot hand had grasped the roll of bank-notes, and they were thrust into his pocket.

The safe had been closed and re-locked, and the criminal act was almost complete, when a banging at the lower door resounded like thunder through the place. With his forehead bathed in cold sweat, his heart throbbing painfully, his eye-balls almost leaving their sockets, in his terror he darted noiselessly to his hiding place.

It was but the watchman, and the acute hearing of Wallace followed him on his rounds up the street until distance drowned the noise.

Quick as a flash he darted toward the front, and, seeing not a soul in the dark precincts of the street, he lifted the window, and carefully shielding his face, stepped out upon the ledge in front. The sash was again quickly put down, and he clung shrewdly to the shadow of the adjacent building, which, projecting, covered him with an inky shadow. The heavy niches in the ornamental stone-work afforded him the means of descent for a distance, and then he dropped deliberately and boldly into the soft drift of snow. He carefully covered his marks in the yielding substance, and then stepped free and unmarked, out in the street. Until he reached Broadway not a soul did he meet. It was not so very late but that there were a number of people in the thoroughfare, and it was with a feeling of relief and pleasure that he shook the snow from his feet and crossed his threshold, and in a moment later had his head laid on his mother's breast.

The next day Gradgrind missed his money, most of which he had won at gaming the previous afternoon, and which amounted to some fourteen hundred dollars. He had but an indistinct recollection of placing it in the safe, and a head detective, who was called in the next day, gave his ideas on the subject. Poor Jacob was driving his quill furiously while the interrogation was going on. He testified, when called, that he had left before the porter, and Gradgrind stated that he remembered the porter leaving. He could not positively assert that he placed the money in the safe, and no marks of intrusion could be found. He had come to the place in an exceedingly "merry" condition. The safe combination was his own secret. The detective told him at a word that he had been robbed outside, and he would not undertake the uncertain work of unraveling the theft unless paid for his time. So, as it was money easily earned, he let the matter drop.

But did Wallace feel no compunctions of conscience for his work? Ah, reader, it is hard to deal with such cases. He only knew that he saved to himself a sick and dying mother. More than that, he gained a start in life, and years after, when, in the midst of his opulence, Gradgrind came into the store one day, broken in fortune, he received assistance from the man whom he had trodden down, and who then made the last days of his wretched life somewhat easier.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

So we come down to where we start from. When the unfortunate lad was brought before Mr. Wallace, his past life came before him, and he whispered to himself, "As you are merciful, so shall you expect mercy."

NEW PLAYS AT THE LONDON, ENG., THEATRES.

"FALSE SHAME."

A comedy, which had been announced under the title of "The White Feather," and written by Frank Marshall, was acted at the Globe Theatre on Nov. 4th. It is thus spoken of by the *Sunday Times*:—

Such a success as Mr. Marshall obtained on Monday night last, at the Globe Theatre, with his play of "False Shame," is rare upon any occasion, and especially upon that of the *début* of a young dramatist. To speak of Mr. Marshall's author, as one regarded "Rodney" as the *début* of Mr. Robertson, and the "Two Roses" that of Mr. Albery, the light and already forgotten trifles which precede the production of an important work may pass without comment, the ambitious work is hidden by which the author's fortune is made or marred. "False Shame" is good work. It has abundance of promise, with much absolute accomplishment. A man who can supply a comedy like it is able to give us an indefinite amount of such delicacy as the London public may in future regard Mr. Marshall as one of the most important purveyors of the delicacies it affects. The principal merits of the new comedy consist of fresh and piquancy of dialogue, a pleasant atmosphere, an interesting plot, some good character painting, and a thoroughly sound and healthful interest. Its defects are a certain measure of conventional treatment and a degree of improbability. The former is defects easily overcome, while the latter is ingrained and cannot be expelled. Very pardonable, however, are both faults, and the audience, whose favorable verdict rings still in the memory, showed itself very willing to accept the author's claim to a full share of the applause had provided. It was right. Work of better quality is not often submitted to its judgment, and our wealth of good comedies of home growth is in so great that we can afford to deal grudgingly with a piece like "False Shame." "The White Feather," the title the play originally bore, is not only a pleasant name, it thoroughly characterizes the main idea of the piece. Hubert Blake, a young fellow suffering from chronic indolence to pass for a coward. It had, however, been previously used, and the management, with reluctance, we have no doubt, had to fall back on the weaker title the piece now bears. The story of "False Shame" follows. Gertrude Ingleby and Adelaide Atherleigh. Young, rich and beautiful. Magdalen cares little for the men around her, and especially little for the young Lord Arthur Ormsby, who, from her earliest years, has been taught to regard as her future husband. So indolent is he, and so foppish in dress and manners, it is impossible to credit him with the possession of any heroic virtue. Now heroic virtues are exactly what Magdalen wants. Like the age, she seeks "a man," one capable of grand deeds, and not a woman out of petticoats. Her mind turns to the deeds of knights and paladins, and she communicates constantly to her wordly-minded and unromantic but genuine and affectionate friend, Constance, her determination to marry none of the lovers round her. The philosopher, looking at the stars, falls into a ditch. Magdalen very near falls into a ditch when she takes for abject a hero one Hubert Braglegh, with whom she has come into contact. Without accepting this penniless and dishonest fortune-hunter, she gives him some encouragement, and she tells him that if he will only do some deed of bravery she will receive him as her lover. To do this, to accept the challenge, Hubert has to exhibit it. This is what Braglegh feels, but fate gives him a chance of shining for awhile as a hero with no risk whatever to himself. An adventure has to be provided, as Magdalen fumes into the water at Rowan Ghyll Falls, a place in the vicinity of which, at a picnic assemblage, the spectator makes the acquaintances of the principal personages of the play. No one being near, and the water, which rises to the waist, not deep, the girl. So soon as he discovers she is coming back to animation he retires. In his heart he loves her. He does not choose, however, to owe anything to gratitude. He withdraws, accordingly, after taking a very fashionable kiss or two of the fair white hands, and effecting an exchange of rings destined afterwards sorely to bother the heroine. The second person to find Magdalen is Braglegh. Not liking to be robbed of a deed wander unfathered through a naughty world, Braglegh claims the merit of having rescued Magdalen, which is at once accorded him. As the required proofs of heroism are afforded, Magdalen hurries on to the dance as an accepted lover on her hand, and tries to stifle two voices in her breast—one, which declares him unworthy of her love; and a second, which tells her that her love already belongs to Lord Arthur. At this second follows after an interval of six months. The whole party to which the reader was at first introduced is now assembled at Chilton Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Dashington, the father of Lord Arthur. Braglegh has come in for a fortune, and borrows his own interests, but his success has not been proportionate to his effort. Fortune is on his side, however, and he succeeds at last in bringing the appended to copy of long course of "correcting fortune" in games of chance has rendered him pretty well known. He succeeds, accordingly, in a tolerable bold venture, that, namely, of cutting a ring off the neck of Lord Arthur, who is sleeping, which, in emulation of Edgar of Ravenswood, he has always carried there. This action is witnessed by Constance Howard, a young lady thoroughly in the interest of Lord Arthur, by whom she reveals the theft. When Lord Arthur, who has borne with composure the wearing by Braglegh of the laurels of the rescue, hears of this action, and learns that by means of the ring so obtained thedoubts of Magdalen have been overcome, and a consent from her to espouse by pretended preserver has been wrung, he thinks it time to interfere. He watches his opportunity, however. His reticence in this matter, together with his general indolence, are misread or misinterpreted by Braglegh, who, thinking that Lord Arthur is out of the way, determines to revenge himself on Lord Arthur for the taunts under which he has long winced by fastening on him an affront. This scene, which is a striking scene. The ladies go to their rooms, but the gentlemen, the younger portion at least, remain to see in the new year, the night being New Year's Eve. After some words of wrath have been spoken, Braglegh dashes a glass of wine in the face of Lord Arthur. The young nobleman is about to respond, when the arrival of his father causes him to check himself, and on the tableau of general astonishment breaks the notes of the new year's bells. Upon this scene, admirably contrived and executed, the curtain falls. The third act is the best and most animated of the three. Lord Arthur has got the clue to all Braglegh's baseness, and he determines to do his own retaliating. Braglegh finds himself cowed and over-mastered by the man he had so despised he wrings everything he needs. Some sparks of fire are shown by Braglegh, but they are powerless to harm. By a slow but profoundly interesting process Lord Arthur obtains from him an apology, a confession of his crimes, and a withdrawal of all hold or claim upon the heiress. Some comic business is interwoven with this. One scene, in which the young nobleman whose triumph is already secured, sits and listens to the advice of his father and his colonel upon the conduct he ought to have observed, is very droll. In the end the proofs of valor on the pars of Lord Arthur are sufficient to show him a hero in modern costume, and Magdalen, ashamed of her doubts, receives him with delight. The other lovers pair off, and all is well. The concluding scene is a little over-elaborate. It would be better left as a Frenchman would leave it, a little conjectural. So ends a clever, original, well-devised and thoroughly entertaining English comedy. Whether such a product is so common it ought not to be well received, the reader is in a position to judge. For ourselves we are content to record a thoroughly favorable verdict. The play is full of dramatic situations. Its action is conducted after approved models in three scenes, and all are good. We thank Mr. Marshall for an excellent play, and ask him for more of the same sort. It was well mounted and well acted.

"MABEL'S LIFE; OR, A BITTER BARGAIN,"

a drama from the pen of Henry J. Byron, was first acted at the Adelphi Theatre on Nov. 2d, and is thus spoken of:

The play cannot rank with Mr. Byron's happiest efforts. What are its faults will probably be seen from the story. Daniel Mandrill, an unscrupulous man, is senior partner in a bank which commercial difficulties have shaken to its centre. A large supply of money is necessary to retrieve the fortunes of the house. To obtain this he will, as he says, shrink from no crime. The truth of his words is tested, and he does not shrink from the crime premeditated, which happens to be murder. Wilfred Vere, his stepson, is in love with Mabel Lake, a young lady employed in a fashionable millinery establishment. The proprietress of the establishment, a foreigner of violent passions, one Madame Reybard, has concluded that the value of the young man is were intended for her. When she finds out her mistake she is greatly enraged and horribly jealous. She appeals to Mandrill. Let him secure her the hand of his stepson and half the immense fortune she has secured in her trade is his. But now by overdoing it the infatuation of Wilfred is open. Mabel must perish. Her death is determined upon, and as the man with whom she lives is an old but devoted servant of Madame Reybard he is bribed by a promise of favor to enter into the plot. Mabel is tribed into some dark and inaccessible cellars, and then left to her fate. Once alone and helpless she sets her cell alight. From the consequences of this apparent attempt at suicide she is saved by the arrival of aid. Madame Reybard has learned that the girl is her daughter, and has sent to re-sue her. Luckily aid arrives in time. Mabel is saved, but Mandrill falls a victim to his own plot and undergoes a fate unlike that that Madame Reybard resigns to her daughter the love she cannot keep, and from the results of her promise to her old lover, which had so nearly caused Mabel's death, she is rescued by the police. Not much justice is there in this, seeing that the main criminal is left happy after all her misdeeds. There is, moreover, violent improbability in almost every incident presented, but what is most particular, however, is the manner in which comic scenes are pinned to the skirts of the drama. There is no other way of representing the manner in which they are brought in.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A touching incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer, recently, and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger was one of a marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket." "That locket," said the farmer, bursting into tears, "had been worn by my dear dead child." "Here it is," replied the stranger, visibly affected; "I am rich; let me make restitution; here are twenty dollars for your little son." He gave the farmer a fifty dollar bill and received truly lovely in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly and left. The farmer has since dried his tears and loaded his shot gun. The $50 dollar bill was bad.

GEORGIO DOMINI.—George I having given a handsome sum towards repairing the town hall at Coventry, it was remarked at its inauguration that the inscription over the centre doorway read "Anno Domini." Queen Anne being dead some time, the corporation suggested an alteration, when it was unanimously resolved to replace it by "Georgio Domini," which they considered more appropriate.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Hills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BONES AS A FORTUNE TELLER.

INTERLOCUTORS.—They say you've been a fortune teller, Mr. Bones. I know you had been a sort of Jack of all trades, but I was not prepared to hear that.

Bones.—O, yes I have. "one man in his time plays many parts," and dat's his my fix.

Int.—You've played many *cards*, I dare say, and many *cards*, too.

Bones.—I nebber was made a Jack-at-a-pinch, any way. But I'll tole you all about it. You see, one day some time ago, I happened to git tuckered, so I goes to my old marm and owse her for two dollars, and bess a tu'rnest oben in de towerry, and borrows a greasy pack o' cards an' a cracked tea cup, an' a chair or two, an' hangs up my sign as a fortune teller. Well, den I got a gift paper day and treat myself in a rocrin' cove and siftness, and den sot at a table wid de cards in my hands to wait de doubtinents.

Int.—Developments, sir, developments.

Bones.—Well, one fine day I seed a gemman as was a greesy lookin' feller from de country—Gow liar I'link he sailed it; and says he, "What you ax for readin' my fortune?" "Five dollars in gold," says I, look'n' pleasant and cool as a west. De nax' feller come in, he was a female woman, all drest up wid gredee jewelry, and says she, "Can you tell my horiscope?" "What de debbil's dat?" says I; "what's a horror-scope?" "I'll gib you a horror scope if you don't hand back dem two dollars I gib you," she says. "Shank fo it," I say; "I shill keep it fo' de sake of fortune." And out she wheeled, shakin' her parasol. Well, some oder fellers day kep' comin' in, and one ax one ting and another ax another, and I kep' on readin', till finally one day, makin' de fo'th of de month, I come, while the latter is ingrained and cannot be expelled. Very pardonable, however, are both faults, and the audience, whose favorable verdict rings still in the memory, showed itself very willing to accept the author's claim to a full share of the applause had provided. It was right. Work of better quality is not often submitted to its judgment, and our wealth of good comedies of home growth is in so great that we can afford to deal grudgingly with a piece like "False Shame." "The White Feather," the title the play originally bore, is not only a pleasant name, it thoroughly characterizes the main idea of the piece. Hubert Blake, a young fellow suffering from chronic indolence to pass for a coward. It had, however, been previously used, and the management, with reluctance, we have no doubt, had to fall back on the weaker title the piece now bears. The story of "False Shame" follows. Gertrude Ingleby and Adelaide Atherleigh. Young, rich and beautiful. Magdalen cares little for the men around her, and especially little for the young Lord Arthur Ormsby, who, from her earliest years, has been taught to regard as her future husband. So indolent is he, and so foppish in dress and manners, it is impossible to credit him with the possession of any heroic virtue. Now heroic virtues are exactly what Magdalen wants. Like the age, she seeks "a man," one capable of grand deeds, and not a woman out of petticoats. Her mind turns to the deeds of knights and paladins, and she communicates constantly to her wordly-minded and unromantic but genuine and affectionate friend, Constance, her determination to marry none of the lovers round her. The philosopher, looking at the stars, falls into a ditch. Magdalen very near falls into a ditch when she takes for abject a hero one Hubert Braglegh, with whom she has come into contact. Without accepting this penniless and dishonest fortune-hunter, she gives him some encouragement, and she tells him that if he will only do some deed of bravery she will receive him as her lover. To do this, to accept the challenge, Hubert has to exhibit it. This is what Braglegh feels, but fate gives him a chance of shining for awhile as a hero with no risk whatever to himself. An adventure has to be provided, as Magdalen fumes into the water at Rowan Ghyll Falls, a place in the vicinity of which, at a pic-nic assemblage, the spectator makes the acquaintances of the principal personages of the play. No one being near, and the water, which rises to the waist, not deep, the girl. So soon as he discovers she is coming back to animation he retires. In his heart he loves her. He does not choose, however, to owe anything to gratitude. He withdraws, accordingly, after taking a very fashionable kiss or two of the fair white hands, and effecting an exchange of rings destined afterwards sorely to bother the heroine. The second person to find Magdalen is Braglegh. Not liking to be robbed of a deed wander unfathered through a naughty world, Braglegh claims the merit of having rescued Magdalen, which is at once accorded him. As the required proofs of heroism are afforded, Magdalen hurries on to the dance as an accepted lover on her hand, and tries to stifle two voices in her breast—one, which declares him unworthy of her love; and a second, which tells her that her love already belongs to Lord Arthur. At this second follows after an interval of six months. The whole party to which the reader was at first introduced is now assembled at Chilton Abbey, the seat of the Earl of Dashington, the father of Lord Arthur. Braglegh has come in for a fortune, and borrows his own interests, but his success has not been proportionate to his effort. Fortune is on his side, however, and he succeeds at last in bringing the appended to copy of long course of "correcting fortune" in games of chance has rendered him pretty well known. He succeeds, accordingly, in a tolerable bold venture, that, namely, of cutting a ring off the neck of Lord Arthur, who is sleeping, which, in emulation of Edgar of Ravenswood, he has always carried there. This action is witnessed by Constance Howard, a young lady thoroughly in the interest of Lord Arthur, by whom she reveals the theft. When Lord Arthur, who has borne with composure the wearing by Braglegh of the laurels of the rescue, hears of this action, and learns that by means of the ring so obtained thedoubts of Magdalen have been overcome, and a consent from her to espouse by pretended preserver has been wrung, he thinks it time to interfere. He watches his opportunity, however. His reticence in this matter, together with his general indolence, are misread or misinterpreted by Braglegh, who, thinking that Lord Arthur is out of the way, determines to revenge himself on Lord Arthur for the taunts under which he has long winced by fastening on him an affront. This scene, which is a striking scene. The ladies go to their rooms, but the gentlemen, the younger portion at least, remain to see in the new year, the night being New Year's Eve. After some words of wrath have been spoken, Braglegh dashes a glass of wine in the face of Lord Arthur. The young nobleman is about to respond, when the arrival of his father causes him to check himself, and on the tableau of general astonishment breaks the notes of the new year's bells. Upon this scene, admirably contrived and executed, the curtain falls. The third act is the best and most animated of the three. Lord Arthur has got the clue to all Braglegh's baseness, and he determines to do his own retaliating. Braglegh finds himself cowed and over-mastered by the man he had so despised he wrings everything he needs. Some sparks of fire are shown by Braglegh, but they are powerless to harm. By a slow but profoundly interesting process Lord Arthur obtains from him an apology, a confession of his crimes, and a withdrawal of all hold or claim upon the heiress. Some comic business is interwoven with this. One scene, in which the young nobleman whose triumph is already secured, sits and listens to the advice of his father and his colonel upon the conduct he ought to have observed, is very droll. In the end the proofs of valor on the pars of Lord Arthur are sufficient to show him a hero in modern costume, and Magdalen, ashamed of her doubts, receives him with delight. The other lovers pair off, and all is well. The concluding scene is a little over-elaborate. It would be better left as a Frenchman would leave it, a little conjectural. So ends a clever, original, well-devised and thoroughly entertaining English comedy. Whether such a product is so common it ought not to be well received, the reader is in a position to judge. For ourselves we are content to record a thoroughly favorable verdict. The play is full of dramatic situations. Its action is conducted after approved models in three scenes, and all are good. We thank Mr. Marshall for an excellent play, and ask him for more of the same sort. It was well mounted and well acted.

"MABEL'S LIFE; OR, A BITTER BARGAIN,"

a drama from the pen of Henry J. Byron, was first acted at the Adelphi Theatre on Nov. 2d, and is thus spoken of:

The play cannot rank with Mr. Byron's happiest efforts. What are its faults will probably be seen from the story. Daniel Mandrill, an unscrupulous man, is senior partner in a bank which commercial difficulties have shaken to its centre. A large supply of money is necessary to retrieve the fortunes of the house. To obtain this he will, as he says, shrink from no crime. The truth of his words is tested, and he does not shrink from the crime premeditated, which happens to be murder. Wilfred Vere, his stepson, is in love with Mabel Lake, a young lady employed in a fashionable millinery establishment. The proprietress of the establishment, a foreigner of violent passions, one Madame Reybard, has concluded that the value of the young man is were intended for her. When she finds out her mistake she is greatly enraged and horribly jealous. She appeals to Mandrill. Let him secure her the hand of his stepson and half the immense fortune she has secured in her trade is his. But now by overdoing it the infatuation of Wilfred is open. Mabel must perish. Her death is determined upon, and as the man with whom she lives is an old but devoted servant of Madame Reybard he is bribed by a promise of favor to enter into the plot. Mabel is tribed into some dark and inaccessible cellars, and then left to her fate. Once alone and helpless she sets her cell alight. From the consequences of this apparent attempt at suicide she is saved by the arrival of aid. Madame Reybard has learned that the girl is her daughter, and has sent to re-sue her. Luckily aid arrives in time. Mabel is saved, but Mandrill falls a victim to his own plot and undergoes a fate unlike that that Madame Reybard resigns to her daughter the love she cannot keep, and from the results of her promise to her old lover, which had so nearly caused Mabel's death, she is rescued by the police. Not much justice is there in this, seeing that the main criminal is left happy after all her misdeeds. There is, moreover, violent improbability in almost every incident presented, but what is most particular, however, is the manner in which comic scenes are pinned to the skirts of the drama. There is no other way of representing the manner in which they are brought in.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A touching incident is reported from Chattanooga. An utter stranger called on a respectable farmer, recently, and asked him if his house had not been robbed during the war. The farmer replied that it had. "I," said the stranger was one of a marauding party that did it. I took a little silver locket." "That locket," said the farmer, bursting into tears, "had been worn by my dear dead child." "Here it is," replied the stranger, visibly affected; "I am rich; let me make restitution; here are twenty dollars for your little son." He gave the farmer a fifty dollar bill and received truly lovely in change. He then wrung the farmer's hand warmly and left. The farmer has since dried his tears and loaded his shot gun. The $50 dollar bill was bad.

GEORGIO DOMINI.—George I having given a handsome sum towards repairing the town hall at Coventry, it was remarked at its inauguration that the inscription over the centre doorway read "Anno Domini." Queen Anne being dead some time, the corporation suggested an alteration, when it was unanimously resolved to replace it by "Georgio Domini," which they considered more appropriate.

RECEIPTS OF THE PARK THEATRE, N. Y., FROM APRIL 18, 1832, TO APRIL 21, 1842.

WITH THE PLAYS ACTED, ETC.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY R. G. GUDEBOG.

CONTINUED.

A summer season was inaugurated on July 7th, 1834, which was a very hot day, the Havel family being the principal attraction. Young William Wheatley was engaged as the principal walking gentleman and Mrs. Blake as the sentimental lady. Mr. Sharpe. The opening bill was "Petticoat Government," the Ravels, "Frank Fox Phipps" and the Ravels $164.00. Tuesday, 8th, very warm. Mr. Charles Eaton* made his debut in New York, "Richard III" and "P. P.," or, The Man and the Tiger," $115.38. Wednesday, 9th, still very warm. Mr. Eaton's second night, "Damon and Pythias" and the Ravels, $125.50. Thursday, 10th. Mr. Sinclair's benefit. Mr. Thorne and Miss Clara Fisher appeared in a play, the title of which is illegible, "Fra," "The Dead Shot" and "Gay Masquerade," $357.38. Friday, 11th, for the benefit of the Ravels, "My Uncle John," "Seas Weed" and the Ravels, $121.75. Saturday, 12th. Mr. Eaton's third night, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts" and the Ravels, $262.75. Total for the week, $1,000.

Monday, July 14th, Mr. Eaton's fourth night, "The Iron Chest" and the Ravels, $246.75. Tuesday, 15th, "Every Body's Husband," "Bonnets and Feathers" and the Ravels, $147.75. Wednesday, 16th, very hot. Mr. Eaton's benefit, "Richard III" and "The Haunted Inn," $90.75. Thursday, 17th, benefit of the Ravels, "Englishman in India" and the Ravels, $145. Friday, 18th, for the benefit of Mr. Blakely, "Pizarro" and "Fra Diavolo" made his first appearance during two years, and Mr. Archer, the base singer, first sang at the Park, "Rose, Meg," "The Bold Dragoons" and "Quadrupeds," $134.50. Saturday, 19th, "Fra Diavolo" and "Gretna Green," appearance of the Ravels and "Gretna Green," $169. Total for the week, $1,293.

On Monday, July 21st, T. Cooke's adaptation of Auber's opera of "Gustavus III" or, "The Masked Ball" was produced, and Mme Ferrero danced in the ball-room scene, "My Uncle John," $468.75. Tuesday, 22d, "A Nabob for an Hour," "Gustavus III" and "P. P.," $278. Wednesday, 23d, "Gustavus III" and "Gretna Green," $180.75. Thursday, 24th, "Gustavus III" and "Frank Fox Phipps," $164.38. Saturday, 26th, very hot, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, "Gustavus III" and "The Devil to Pay," $306.50. Total for the week, $1,413.

On Monday, July 28th, A Nabob for an Hour," "Gustavus III" and "Ocean Waves," $224.50. Tuesday, 29th, "Thirty-three John Street," "Gustavus III" and "P. P.," $273. Wednesday, 30th, for Mr. Placide's benefit, "She Stoops to Conquer" and the "Bold Dragoons," $418.50. Thursday, 31st, "Gustavus III," songs, etc. and "Popping the Question," $261. Friday, August 1st, for Mrs. Blake's benefit, "Fazio," in which William Rufus Blake made his first appearance in four years, playing Fazio, and the "Three Singles," $240.75. Saturday, 2d, "Gustavus III" and "My Uncle John," $224.75. Total for the week, $1,626.50.

On Monday, August 4th, Il Diavolo Antonio, a performer on the flying rope, began an engagement, "She Stoops to Conquer," Il Diavolo Antonio and "Ways and Means," $405.75. Tuesday, 5th, "Gustavus III," Il Diavolo Antonio, and "High Life Below Stairs," $283.50. Wednesday, 6th, the "Poor Gentleman." Il Diavolo Antonio and "The Weathercock," $307.75. Thursday, 7th, "Gustavus III," Il Diavolo Antonio, and "Mr. and Mrs. Pringle," $231.25. Friday, 8th, "The Hypocrite," Il Diavolo Antonio, and "Ways and Means," $181.50. Saturday, 9th, "Gustavus III," Il Diavolo Antonio and "Thirty-three John Street," $165.75. Total for the week, $1,

AQUATICS.

OUR NAVAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Boat Race in the Waters of China.

Out of our wide-awake correspondents, who is now doing Uncle Sam good service on board the flag-ship Colorado, favors us with the subjoined interesting account of a race between ships' boats in Chinese waters:

CHEFOO, CHINA, Oct. 31, 1872.

MR. FRANK QUEST.—DEAR SIR.—As there are many CLIPPER readers in government vessels away from home, and thousands at home interested in the affairs of the friends abroad, we presume to again annoy you with an account of a one-sided race that came off between the champion navy-built barge Daring (16 oars), belonging to the flag-ship Colorado, and the navy-built shell Minnie (12 oars), of the U. S. S. Alaska. In using the word champion above, we have inserted it because it has, in reality, always belonged there. Had the foregoing remarks been written ten days ago, they might have borne on their face an appearance of bravado, but as we are backed in the affirmative by every one who speaks English in the east, by millions of Russians, French, Italians, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, and many more who never said "yes" before in their lives, we, with your permission, will allow it to remain there. It is an old saw among us tubs that "the proof of the duff lies in the eating of it." That the Daring has eaten and properly digested any duff that came in her line, the principal portions of which consisted of man boat and oars, we are about to show. Our attention has, for the past few years, been drawn to the manner in which vessels of U. S. navy fleets on this station are handled. The correspondents on all other stations raise fearful seas, have torrents of rain at their command, shorten the time of the winning boat and lengthen the distance. These wise are pulled together on the days of the regatta, and a new invincible racing cutter seems to light. Two months later another race occurs between the invincible and Unknown, the latter becomes known and the invincible is no more. We will say any superannuated built boat that floats and is propelled by oars, Swallow-tail in the Mediterranean and South Pacific! She was built by Hopenstall, at the U. S. navy yard, Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov., 1861. Commodore's gig. Old Virginia, and whale boat Maumee in a scrub race at sea, lat. 30, 04 N., long. 38, 18, W., May 23d, 1870. Beat Delaware's cutter barge Vixen, Singapore, Aug. 3d, 1870. Beat 7 of Colorado's boats in a sailing race near Shanghai, China, Nov. 10th, 1870. Beat Colorado's steam launch Atlanta in a practice race, five miles; near Shanghai, Nov. 15th, 1870. Beat U. S. S. Monocacy's shell cutter Flora, winning the championship pennant for the ship, Dec. 22, 1870. Beat H. M. S. Pinafore's shell cutter Endeavor, and 4 racing gigs, taking 1st prize in an "all-comers" race, Hong Kong, China, Feb. 22d, 1871. Beaten (through an accident) by a cutter from the Alaska, in a 12-oared race, Chefoo, China, Aug. 1st, 1871. Beat Alaska's shell cutter Vapor, in a race for the eastern championship, Yokohama, Japan, Nov. 24th, 1871. Gave 40 seconds time allowance and beat 13 boats of all classes in an "all-comers" race, Hong Kong, Feb. 23d, 1872. Beat shell, outrigger, Raven, of the Hong Kong Rowing Club, Hong Kong, March 16th, 1872. Beaten by Alaska's shell cutter Vapor, also Minnie, losing the championship, four miles, crew 12, 3 min., Yokohama, May 10th, 1872. Vanquished the Minnie and regained the championship, six miles, one turn, 45 min., Chefoo, Sept. 27th, 1872. As you have published an account of the two races for the championship pennant during the past summer, further mention of them is unnecessary. Since the cock was transferred (temporarily) to the Alaska, a portion of her ship's company, not excluding the racing crew, have carried with them an overbearing air, besides giving ventilation to remarks that neither have a tendency to flatter. The Colorado anchored in this harbor, Sept. 15th, and on the day following the Daring tossed oars under the bows of the Alaska for "Pooh!" and "Bah!" in a sarcastic manner. They had answered the Minnie and her crew would be ready at any time. Our boys wanted a straight race, as the D. was a heavy boat and required much more time to turn. The Minnie won the championship over a straight course, could turn like a flash, and was by far the smartest boat in every way. Campbell, coxswain of the Minnie, said "No," to everything; that he had all the honor and intended to keep it; that our people had all the money and could do as they pleased with it, and if we had much more "chin" he would oblige us to turn three stakeboats. If we did not do as he wished. It was the intention to give the boat, crew and championship to the English flagship, and, in fact, he was not particular about pulling us at all. Seeing that it was their determination to remain obstinate, our boys got their backs up and swore they would pull and beat them any way they pleased. Wiggins, coxswain of the Daring, put his crew to their work and kept them hard at it up to the day of the race. An agreement was signed by both coxswains to pull 5 miles, 2d. from mile to stake-boat, and return to the starting point, the Alaska, for $500 a side and the eastern championship. The day was set for Friday, Sept. 27th, to start at 10 A. M., if the weather proved favorable, both parties being willing to wait for smooth water. Friday came in as fine and pleasant as one could wish. The stake-boat was anchored good 3 miles from the ship. At 10.48 a good start was effected. The Minnie jumped ahead three lengths before the heavy-old Daring had time to make a move. At 10.52 the M. was a good length ahead, when the D. made a short spurt, which acted so effectually that at 11.00 a hundred to one was offered on her, but met with no response. She took the lead and increased the distance between the two boats so steadily that before either was a mile from the starting point the crew of the H. M. fleet ship from Duke, under weigh, but lying close to us, awaiting the termination of the race, previous to her departure for Nagasaki, manned the rigging, gave three lusty cheers for the Colorado's large, steamed ahead, and was soon out of sight. The Daring rounded the stake-boat at 11.13.35, making a splendid turn, executing it in eight seconds less than her rival, who turned 1 minute and 47 seconds later. The race was at an end. The Daring finished the remainder of the course leisurely, tossing her oars alongside the Alaska at 11. 24.30, the Minnie following one minute and 16 seconds later. The D. went through in 88 strokes; the M. averaged 44. That every one on the Alaska and many belonging to this ship were thunderstruck, would be crawling it very mild; nearly all were in favored the M. backed their opinion, and are, in consequence, considerably "out." The U. S. S. Monocacy entered the harbor, from Shanghai, in time to witness the termination of the race, bringing in her 14-oared shell cutter, built at Kobe, Japan, by the same parties who built the Minnie, and intended for the same purpose, i. e., to win and hold the eastern championship. Box office open at all hours. "Tom" was restored to virgins by Campbell, on the quarter deck of the Alaska, in the presence of quite a number of ladies and gentlemen, (who had assembled to see the Daring defeated.) Campbell stated that he was very happy to know that the emblem still remained under the stars and stripes; it had been won fairly. The sorest part of the programme was being left so far behind. Wiggins replied:—"Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Campbell and others interested, in behalf of the officers, racing crew and ship's company of the Colorado, I thank the Alaskas for the care and kindness bestowed, for the past few months, upon my humble friend here. This is the third time he has been sought, and mourned because we had him not. That he is in good hands now cannot be contradicted. Our doors will always be wide open to parties who think they have a better right to him." He then shoved off the rigging of the Alaska, was manned, nine hearty cheers and tigers were exchanged, and thus ended what should have been a close and exciting race. GINRAD.

BAGNALL DEFEATS ADDY.

On Monday, Nov. 4th, the first of the two mile matches, for £100 a side, between those noted English scullers, Robt. Bagnall, of Newcastle, and Mark Addy, of Manchester, was decided on the Thames, the course being from the Star and Garter to a stake-boat moored off the lower end of Rosebank grounds. Bagnall is in his 26th year, having been born on Feb. 8th, 1846; stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, and weighs 150 pounds. He has been before the public since 1868, and is a member of the Tayler-Winship crew which visited this country in 1871. Addy is 33 years of age, stands 5 feet 3½ inches in height, and scales 10 stone on the day of rowing, 150 pounds. His first match was pulled in 1858, and for several years subsequently he was a member of the noted Colleen Bawn crew. He has repeatedly distinguished himself, both as an oarsman and sculler. They had previously contended in a race over the Thames championship course, for £100 a side, 4¼ miles, May 4th last, which, after a tremendous struggle for a mile, was won by Bagnall by two lengthths. The betting was strongly in favor of Bob, the ruling quotation during the day being 7 to 4, though 2 to 1 was laid in several instances prior to the start.

Once afloat, no time was wasted, but both men paddled at once to their stations, Addy, who had won the toss for choice, selecting the Fulham berth. In consequence of the quantity of land water in the river, both rivals were somewhat sluggish, but in other respects the weather was extremely favorable, what little wind there was coming about S. S. W., but with scarcely sufficient strength to do more than crisp the surface of the tideway. The attendance both ashore and afloat was unusually large, the spectators mustering in an almost unbroken line along the towpath from the starting place to t. e finish, while the umpire's boat was heavily freighted, not to say inconveniently crowded, the novelty of a mile match on the Thames having doubtless a strong attraction for not a few of the sight-seers. Mr. J. Ireland, of the London Rowing Club, was originally appointed sole umpire, but on being applied to, that gentleman declined to act, and Mr. R. B. Wormald was nominated in his place. The customary preliminaries were speedily adjusted, and the two men having taken up their allotted positions under the guidance of their pilots—Harry Kelley acting for Addy, and James Taylor for his fellow townsman—dashed away on their journey, at the first ti..e of asking, at four minutes past 5 precisely. Bagnall, it appeared, was the first to catch hold of the water, and for a moment drove the nose of his boat 3 feet out, but in half a dozen strokes Addy was alongside him, and settling down to his work in splendid style, at once began to forge ahead, and off the Duke's Head he was some seven feet the Manchester man at this stage rowing 42 strokes a minute to his opponent's 38. Inch by inch the former improved his advantage up to the London boat-house, where he was more than half a length to the good, the stem of Bagnall's boat being exactly level with Addy's stretcher as they passed the club house. Here, from some cause or other, possibly owing to its being right-handed labor all the way up, Addy began to edge over towards his opponent, and for a moment a foul seemed imminent, but the Tynesider, in obedience to the signals of his pilot, pulled his left in turn, and avoided the danger. This manœuvre took him slightly out of his course, and Addy, in consequence, was enabled to hold his own for the next 100 yards; but notwithstanding his quicker stroke, and a series of brilliant spurts, in which the veteran's fine turn of speed showed to marked advantage, Bagnall, on getting his boat straight, began to close unmistakably with his man, and at the site of the old half mile post reduced Addy's lead to two or three feet. On reaching the lower end of Crown Cottage ground, Addy, no doubt the severity of the pace was apparently beginning to tell, as he faltered in his stroke more than once, again began to shoot over towards his man, this time in a most unmistakable fashion—though we do not for a moment believe the act was intentional—and for a moment looked like going right athwart his bows, the nose of his boat being pointed diagonally across to the Surrey shore. Find a foul certain there for a moment, and the decision as to the nature of the umpire's verdict, but Bagnall, though palpably distressed, most handsomely refused to take advantage of the opportunity, albeit he was forced to pull his left scull hard, and, of course, whereby he must have lost fully three parts of a length, in order to avoid a collision. As it was, the sculls overlapped for several strokes, and it was really marvelous how they escaped coming into contact. The upshot of this state of things was again in favor of Addy, who, on straightening his boat, still retained a lead of something like half a length, but abreast of the Grass Wharf, Bagnall, by a fine effort of pluck, came up with a magnificent rush, and despite a desperate counter effort on the part of Addy, fairly colored the leader in the next 100 yards, the stems of the two boats being strictly level off the White Cottage midway between the Crown Wharf and Rosebank—just a mile from the aqueduct. The race was now over, for though Addy struggled on to the finish with unflinching gameness, and did everything in his power to avert defeat, he was palpably done, and Bagnall, in the pride of steadily away in the last 300 yards, landed himself a winner by something less than a length, the stem of Addy's boat overlapping the winner's oarm by some three or four feet as they passed the post. J. Phelps was judge. Both men were terribly distressed, the winner, if anything, being the more exhausted of the two. There was considerable difference of opinion as to the time in which the mile was accomplished, the lowest estimate being 5min. 27sec., and the highest 5min. 36sec.—a discrepancy of nine seconds. Both winner and loser rowed in new boats, built expressly for the race by Jewitt, of Dunston, Addy's craft being fitted with a fixed seat, and his opponent's with a "slider." The second race was to have been pulled on the Tyne, Nov. 18th.

PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL RACE IN AUSTRALIA.

The committee of the Balmain (Sydney, Aus.) Regatta—the chief rowing meeting of the colony—desirous of emulating our oarsmen in the way of big aquatic events, have issued invitations to American and English amateurs to engage in a four-oared race in the harbor of Sydney, in November, 1873. No letter has as yet been received here, but the London Rowing Club are in receipt of one, in which the committee state that if such club, or any club to which they may refer the letter, will arrange for a visit, the committee will contribute £500 toward their expenses. The following are given as the conditions of the race:

"I.—The race to be pulled in four-oar true string test gigs (with coxswains), over a salt water course in Sydney Harbor, or on the Parramatta river, Sewring into the same. II.—To be pulled in the amateurs. III.—The distance of the race to be not less than three miles, nor longer than four and a half miles. IV.—The umpire to be appointed by the regatta committee and a referee by the competing crews if they think fit. In all other respects the committee would be willing to adopt the rules laid down for the recent Anglo-American race."

The letter, which is couched in the most friendly terms, and contains the assurance of a hearty welcome to the colony of New South Wales, is supplemented by one from the Sydney Rowing Club, offering to place their club rooms, boats, &c., at the disposal of such crews as might be found practicable to send from London. This offer has been duly acknowledged, and the following reply has been forwarded to the regatta committee:—

LONDON ROWING CLUB, PUTNEY, S. W., Oct. 4th, 1872.

DEAR SIR.—I am directed by our committee to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of August 15th, containing the invitation of the Balmain Regatta Committee for us to send a crew to visit your colony in 1873. The present will be brought before the next general meeting of the club, which will be held in the beginning of next month, after which I shall be able to send some details with regard to the measure, the committee desire me to assure you that they fully appreciate the spirit in which the proposal is made, and although until the general meeting they cannot hold out much hope of the practicability of our club being able to compete at the Balmain Regatta, they will take care that the project shall be discussed with the consideration it merits. Hoping that the meeting at the Balmain Regatta for the present year may be thoroughly successful, I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

C. H. WARNER, Honorary Secretary.

FRANCIS SPENCE, Esq., Honorary Secretary Balmain Regatta Committee, Sydney, New South Wales.

WILLIAMSON OUTROWS EGYD.—A match for £100, in fine wager boats, between James Boyd, of Blyth, and Wm. Williamson, of Cowpen, Eng., was decided on the river Blyth, over a course of about two miles, on Nov. 2d. At the first attempt the men dashed away to a clever start, and for the first 200 yards they took stroke for stroke, but Williamson, pulling a lighter and much more lively stroke, drew gradually away from his opponent, and off the Old Factory Point led by three lengths. From this point it was never a race, as Williamson improved his advantage throughout the remainder of the distance, and won with ridiculous ease by nearly 150 yards. Boyd rowed gamely on to the finish, but after the first quarter of a mile he was completely out paced.

THE TURF.

THE TROTTING SEASON OF 1872.

The trotting season of 1872 has been characterized by numerous sensational features worthy of prominent notice in a retrospective review of the principal events of the campaign. Among those are the changes which have been effected during the year in the records of fast time at one and three mile heats; Goldsmith Maid still retaining the best record, her previously unequaled time of 2:17; and Hunbress the second, by decidedly wiping out Dutchman's three mile record, which for more than thirty years had remained without a parallel, although two of the best horses that ever trod the American trotting turf have tried in vain to accomplish it.

The legitimate trotting season of 1872 may be said to have commenced with the Fleetwood Spring Meeting, which took place on May 7th, when the purse was won by Alden Col. smith's Abdallah, a son of Volunteer by Rysdick's Hambletonian, out of an American Star mare, a cross which has been so successful in the case of Dexter, Goldsmith Maid and many others. The winner beat Kentucky Boob, Spartan, George and Lady Rowe, in three heats, the fastest of which was 2:30¼. The 2:21 purse was won by Dan Pfifer's Honest Dutchman, a son of Clingan's Grey Monarch, beating Dauntless (who took second money), Tom Keeler, Sunbeam, Daniel Boone, Frank Palmer, James H. Coleman and Judge Scott, in three heats; time, 2:20; 2:20; 2:20¾. Dan Pfifer also won the 2:15 purse with Grey Eddy, beating Miss Kinney, Camors, George L. Fox, Eight Bells and Grey Eddy, in 2:20, the fastest heat. Judge Fullerton won the 2:18 purse in four heats; beating Wm H. Allen (who took second money), Hunt ress, Byron and Sea Foam, the time being 2:23¾; 2:23¼; 2:27; 2:28. The Spring Meeting of the Boston minstrel, won the 2:20 purse with Nettie Morris, beating six others; fastest heat, 2:24¾; and Geo. Ferguson captured the 2:27 purse with the 5 h Gen black gelding, James H. Burke, after trotting six heats, of which he won the first, fourth and sixth, and made a dead heat with Charley Green, the latter winning the second and third heats, the fastest of which was 2:28¾. Alden Goldsmith also won the 2:42 purse with Abdallah, in three heats, the fastest being 2:35.

In the same month (May), the disputed trot for the $2,000 purse for 2:23 horses, which had remained in abeyance since the fall meeting of 1871, and ordered by the board of appeals to be trotted over again, was decided. On the first occasion Charley Green had won two heats and James H. Coleman one, when the dispute between the judges in the stand arose, and the owner of Coleman withdrew his horse because two of the judges refused to give him the heat he had fairly won. The other horses trotted out of the race and Young Bruno won it, but the board of appeals, after publicly deciding that only Charley Green and James H. Coleman could start again, and that they must trot out the race for its decision, stultified themselves, owing to certain influence being brought to bear, by declaring that all the horses in the race that were not distanced could start again. Mr. Harker, the owner of Young Bruno, the previous winner, refused either to start his horse again, or to refund the purse that had been paid him in accordance with the judges' decision, and defied the association to compel him to do so, and the latter (conscious that the board of appeals had placed them in a false position by its ridiculous decision) had no steps to enforce its repayment. In the second race Tom Carpenter's Susie won after eight heats had been trotted—Hogether, the last but one being the fastest in the race. Time, 2:28¾.

The Spring Meeting of the Prospect Park Course Association commenced on May 28th. The three minute purse was won by J. Pawling's George in such easy style as led to the general conclusion that he had been pulled in the same class of race at Fleetwood Park; he won in 2:34; 2:36¼; 2:36¾, and beat, among other horses, Abdallah, the winner at Fleetwood. Honest Dutchman won the 2:31 purse in three heats from Dauntless (second), J. H. Coleman, Tom Keeler and Frank Palmer, the fastest heat being 2:26¼. J. Murphy's Grey Eddy won the 2:34 purse from Grace Bertram (second), Jack Draper, Fanny Lambert, St. Elmo, Camors and G. Fox, the best time, 2:27. The bay stallion W. H. Allen won the 2:25 purse in seven h ats; making a dead heat of the first with Huntress (who won the second), and winning the fourth, fifth and seventh. Sea Foam took the third and sixth heats; the best time was 2:26 in the first or dead heat. J. J. Wheeler's Eveline won the 2:18 purse in three heats; best time, 2:36¼, and Lucille beat John J. Bradley and Geo. W. Patterson in the saddle race for 2:25 horses; Bradley winning the second and Lucille the remaining heats, the fastest of which was 2:28¾.

At the Mystic Park, Boston, meeting, in June, M. W. Bacon's mare, Mary Whitney, won the three minute purse from Czar, Comoe and Abdallah in four heats, the fastest of which was 2:33¼. The same gentleman's stallion, W. H. Allen, beat Huntress and Sea Foam in the 2:24 purse; Huntress winning the third heat in 2:23¾, and Allen the others in 2:24; 2:26½; 2:23¾. Rosalind, driven by W. H. Doble, won the 2:40 purse from Nettie Morris, Coroner K, May Bee and two others, in five heats, of which Nettie Morris and May Bee took one each. Dauntless won the 3:30 purse from Tom Keeler (second), St. Elmo, Jessie and four others in four heats, of which three were each trotted in 2:38, the fastest time. Distance won the five year old colt stakes from five competitors in three heats; the fastest of which was 2:36¾. Phil Sheridan won the 2:35 purse in four heats, beating Miner Scott, Bell Bird, Miss Camors, George L. Fox, Eight Bells and Grey Eddy, in 2:30, the fastest heat. Judge Fullerton won the 2:18 purse in four heats; beating Wm H. Allen (who took second money), Huntress, Byron and Sea Foam, the time being 2:23¾; 2:23½; 2:27; 2:28. The Spring Meeting of the Boston minstrel, won the 2:20 purse with Nettie Morris, beating six others; fastest heat, 2:24¾; and Geo. Ferguson captured the 2:27 purse with the 5 h Gen black gelding, James H. Burke, after trotting six heats, of which he won the first, fourth and sixth, and made a dead heat with Charley Green, the latter winning the second and third heats, the fastest of which was 2:28¾. Alden Goldsmith also won the 2:42 purse with Abdallah, in three heats, the fastest being 2:35.

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NATCHEZ JOCKEY CLUB FALL MEETING.

FIRST DAY, TUESDAY, NOV. 19TH.

The fall meeting of the Natchez, Miss., Jockey Club commenced on Tuesday, the 19th inst., under unusually brilliant auspices. The weather was beautiful, the racing good, and the attendance large, including many distinguished turfmen from New Orleans, Vicksburg and other places.

The hurdle race, which commenced the sport, was won by Mr. Clarke's pretty chestnut gelding horse William Blacksmith, who made as promising a debut as a jumper at the New Orleans spring meeting. He was ridden by the able Canadian jockey, Johnny Leland, the successful pilot of Milledge and Daffy during the past campaign, who had been specially retained to ride him at this and the New Orleans meetings in all his engagements.

The second race, mile heats, for the club purse of $600, was won by George Bloor's 4 yr old filly Jeannot, 4 years old, by Asteroid—Bonita, after winning the first and third heats, of which the first was won by Tom Leathers. We give summaries:—

MAIDEN RACE.—FIRST DAY.—INAUGURAL MEETING OF THE NATCHEZ JOCKEY CLUB.—FIRST DAY, Nov. 19th, 1872.—Purse, $600; for all ages; a dash at two miles, over eight hurdles.

F. Clark entered ch h William Blacksmith, 6 years old, by Vandiver, dam by Knight of St. George.....1
E. Harrison entered gr g Tom Corbett, 5 years old, by Lightning, dam by Knight of St. George.....2
Owner entered b g Pelham.....0

* Fell and threw his rider.

SAME DAY.—Purse, $800; for all ages: mile heats.

G. Rice entered ch f Beautiful Mabry, 3 years old, by Jack Malone, dam Betsy Martin, by imp. Eclat, 90 lbs.....2 1 1
R. M. Montgomery entered b c Tom Leathers, 5 years old, by Whale, dam by Doubloon, 90 lbs.....1 2 2
M. Walsh entered b g Regulator, 4 years old, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Easter, 104 lbs.....4 3 3
E. Harrison entered ch g Temple, aged, by Bulletin, dam by imp. Albion, 118 lbs.....3 dis.
Owner entered ch f Sir Rufus, 4 years old, by Lexington, dam Liz Mardis, 104 lbs.....dis.

Time, 1:48¾; 1:47¾; 1:52

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20TH.

The weather continued fine, and the attendance was fully equal to that of the first day. The track was in admirable order, and the racing was close and exciting in both the two and three year old events of the day. Mr. Bonnabel's Lightning colt, out of a Sovereign mare, won the two year old race, and Hunt & Lupe's Reckless, by Voucher, the two mile heat purse, for all ages.

SECOND DAY, Wednesday, Nov. 20th.—The Rawle Stake, for two year olds; $25 entrance, half forfeit; $500 added; one mile.

A. Bonnabel entered gr c by Lightning, dam by Sovereign, 90lbs.1
Owners entered ch c Pat Powers.....2

Time, 1:53.

SAME DAY.—SECOND RACE.—Purse, $500; all ages; two mile heats.

Hunt & Lupe entered b h Reckless, 5 yrs, by Voucher, dam by Kingfisher.....1 1
E. Harrison entered c Tom Corbett, 5 yrs, by Lightning, dam by Knight of St. George.....2 2
W. Jennings entered b c Jungler, 3 yrs, by Jack Malone, dam by imp. Scottish Chief.....dis.
Owners entered b h Gold Ring, by Ringgold.....dis.

Time, 3:45; 3:45.

THIRD DAY, THURSDAY, NOV. 21.

The attendance continued large, notwithstanding the cloudy state of the weather. The Sargent Stake, so named in honor of the president of the Jockey Club, for three-year olds, was won by Mr. A. Turner's filly Flush beating Belle Buckle and Lady Greenfield in two straight heats. The three mile dash for a purse of $300, was won by J. A. Mabry's Eland, beating Pelham, Susan Linwood and W. J. Minor in 5:51. We give the summaries:—

THIRD DAY.—SAME RACE.—Purse, $300; for all ages; three year olds, $50 subscription, half forfeit, the club adding $400. Value of stakes, $650.

A. Turner entered ch f Flush, by Hiawatha, dam Fanny Bugg.....1 1
E. Harrison entered ch f Belle Buckle, by Brown Dick, dam by Bulletin.....2 2
R. Scott entered b f Lady Greenfield, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Lancaster, by imp. Monarch, 97 lbs.....3 dis

Time, 1:48; 1:48¾.

SAME DAY.—Purse $300, for all ages, dash three miles.

J. A. Mabry entered ch f Eland, 3 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Gazelle, by imp. Albion, 80 lbs.....1
Owner entered Pelham.....2
S. M. Leonard entered ch f Susie Linwood, four years old, by Judge Fullerton, dam Lucy Neal, by Lexington.....3
Owner entered gr c W. J. Minor, four years old, by Walnut, dam Melita, by Lexington, 104 lbs.....0

Time, 5:51.

FOURTH DAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 22.

Continued fine weather, large attendance and good racing distinguished the fourth day of the meeting. Eland, the promising three year old son of Jack Malone and Gazelle, captured four of the day's events, winning the two mile heat race and the four mile dash. We give the summaries:—

FOURTH DAY, Nov. 22d.—FIRST RACE.—Purse, $300; for all ages; two mile heats.

J. A. Mabry entered ch c Eland, 3 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Gazelle, by imp. Albion, 90lbs.....1 1
G. W. Darden entered ch f Nettie, 4 yrs old, by Voucher, dam Ringlet, by Ringgold, 104lbs.....2 2

Time, 3:47; 3:46¾.

SAME DAY.—Purse $800; for all ages; dash four miles.

J. A. Mabry entered ch c Eland, 3 yrs old, by Jack Malone, dam Gazelle, by imp. Albion, 90lbs.....1
E. Harrison entered gr g Tom Corbett, 5 yrs old, by Lightning, dam by Knight of St. George, 104lbs.....2
Owner entered ch c Sir Rufus, 4 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Liz Mardis, 104lbs.....3

Time, 7:41.

DEATHS OF FAST TROTTERS.—In addition to Commodore Vanderbilt's Mountain Boy, we have to record the deaths of the well known fast trotters, Lowery and Western New York, both victims of the epizootic disease. Lottery, who died on Saturday, the 16th inst., was a grey gelding by Rysdick's Hambletonian, dam by Vermont Morgan, and owned by the well known horse man, Mr. Samuel Trousdale, of this city, had a record of 2:27, and was valued at $20,000. He was trained by Dan Pfifer, at Fleetwood, and, during the summer, was very sick and unable to fulfil some of his engagements. Recovering, he was again put in training, but at the first appearance of the now prevailing epidemic he was attacked, but apparently recovered from the first stage of the disease, only to be again seized with it in its more malignant form of dropsy. Western New York, a bay mare by Vermont, was a bay gelding by Nonpareil (a son of Long Island Black Hawk, out of a Rysdick Hambletonian mare, and had a record of 2:29. He, also, succumbed to the same disease as Lottery. It is rumored that the dun trotter, George L. Fox, owned by Mr. Hoagrois, died on the 16th.

WESTERN N. Y. COCKING RULES.

As the season for cock fighting is about commencing, we publish the appended rules for the edification of those interested therein:—

As the season for cock fighting is about commencing, we publish the appended rules for the edification of those interested therein:—

1. The pit shall be at least 12 feet in diameter and 10 inches in height. A chalk mark in the centre, and two outer marks 18 inches from the centre.

2. The handlers shall choose a judge to decide all matters in dispute during the fighting. In all cases of appeal the fighting ceases until the judge gives his decision, which shall be final. If any dispute arises between the pitters the cocks are not to be taken from the pit, nor the spurs taken off until it is decided by the judge.

3. Cocks within two ounces are a match, except blin

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

☞ WE HAVE NO TRAVELING AGENTS, either general or otherwise, and any persons so representing themselves are acting fraudulently. All our regular correspondents are supplied with credentials, and we particularly request that no attention be paid to persons presenting their private cards with the words "Correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER" attached, as they have no authority therefor.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lucy
Blake, Annie (2)
Berrell, Mary L. 3c.
Burroughs, Mrs. M. E.
Barker, Mary
Boston, Tilly
Cornforth, Mrs.
Crouse, Amy
Cadona, Madame
Conklin, Mrs.
Donaldson, Virginia
Klinger, Emma
Elsworth, Sallie
Fiske, Mrs.
Florence, Lou
Grinnell, Addie
Gray, Belinde O.
Hallinan, Mad.
Huntley, Lou M.
Hubbard, Addie
Herring, Fanny (2)
Irma, Mad. 10c.
Jerome, Jennie
Keenan, Fannie
Keenan, Annetta
Land, Belle
Little Nell
Leroy, Lizzie
Libby, Emma
Marsh, Emma
May, Georgia
McHenry, Nellie
McClellan, Jenny
Noyes, Rose
Queen, Laura
Raymond, Ida
Scott, Elise
Stanley, Blanche
Slocum, Annie E.
Smith, Bertie
Sefton, Maud (2)
Schott, Angelique
Sanyeah, Maud
Seymore, Mattie
Sanford, Julia L. 6c.
Vernon, Kate
Wells, Minnie (2)
Wood, Mrs. Jno.
Wallace, Mrs.
Woodruff, Mary
Wenkemann, Bertha
West, Nelly
Wharton, Carrie
Whitin, Mrs.
Washburn, Emma
Zavistowski, Christine

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ashton, J. B.
Allinson, J. W.
Armstrong, C. T.
Anderson, J. H.
Buell, Asa
Benoit, O.
Bourne, Wm.
Barnabee, C. H.
Bandin, A.
Burton, Clarence
Brougham, John
Blitz, Francois R. (3)
Barron, T. J.
Burke, Jno. M. 3c.
Browne, Edwin (2)
Barnabo, Adolfo (2)
Bird, Tom
Backenslose, Dr. F.
Bahin, Mar. J. Brookhouse
Butler, O. W.
Blair, Billy
Brown, Jno. H.
Blaisdell, Jno. W.
Brennan, R. (2)
Berry, Geo. L.
Bernard, Aaron E.
Buel, Asa
Carter, Billy
Cooper, Jas. E.
Carner, J. W.
Conner, Edmond S.
Charles, Geo. W.
Clifton, Harry
Castelotti
Clarke, Charley B. (2)
Carr, Louis B.
Collini, Sig. T.
Cottrill, J. M.
Clark, J. M.
Dearborn, C. N.
Dumont, Frank
De Haven, Claude (3)
Datallie, Mons.
Denier, John
De Soler, Emilia
Tower, 10c.
Davies, E. D.
De Haven, Geo.
Davis, Jno. H.
Denier, Tony
Dolson, Harry
Darley, Jack
Dumont, Chas.
Daly, Tommy and Wife
Eckert, John
Eckels, Frank
Eisman, B.
Emidy, J. A.
Forbes, Jno.
Ferdinando, Mons.
Foster, John
Flannigan, Edw'd
Ferguson, Robt F.
Franke, Gustavus
French, Sam'l
Hart, Jno.
Fay, Charley
Franks, Signey
Gaylord, Low (2)
Grey, Harry
Good, Chas.
Grady, G. G.
Gardiner, F. A.
Gulick, Jas. T.
Girard, Frank
Gaylor, F. C.
Gilbert, Harry
Goodyear & Whiting
Grecory, Arthur
Gulick, Joe
Gray, Mr.
Hernandez, A. M.
Howorth, M. E.
Hawk, Harry
Hamilton, Jno.
Harris, Charley
Hall, C. H. (2)
Herndon, J. F. (2)
Holloway, Edw'd
Hamilton, Wiley (3)
Hall, G. F.
Schofield, Edw'd
Hayes, Jim
Martino Troupe
Nichols, Chas.
Nasan, Hadji
Nash, Dan D. (2)
Nelson, Prof. R.
Naylor, John
Newcomb, W. W.
Otto, Karl
Orrin, Geo. W.
O'Lynn, Bryan
Palmer, C. C.
Pash, Billy
Parkes, A. L. (2)
Richards, A. E.
Rother, Hugh
Reynolds, Jas. (2)
Rose, Chas. F. (2)
Rankin, McKee
Ryse, E.
Rubini, Sig.
Runnells, Burnell
Robins & Co.
Shay, Jno.
Smith, Wm. H.
Schofield, Ed.
Stanton, Hy. E.
Skeere, L. M. W.
Sharpley, Sam
Smith, Frank
Salisbury, Hop
Schoch, Nath'l
Seal, D. J.
Stone & Murray
Showles, J. J.
Staples, Geo.
Shaw, Capt.
Sexton, A. G.
Turner, Ned
Toohey, Jno.
Thorogood, Harry
Turner, Ned
Ulmer, Frank
Underwood, C. M.
Vanzandtle, J. M.
Victorelli, Jno.
Villa, Sam B.
Weston, Frank
White, Jno. Frank
Williams, Gus.
Whettony, J. A.
Wilder, J. W.
Wills, F. M.
Wagner, Cal
Ward, Jas. A.
Wheeler, Ben 6c.
Williams, Claude
Warwick, Chas.
Wheelock, Jno.
Way, Geo. W.
Ward, J. W.
Waldron, Danny 6c.
Wolfe, Jno. M.
Young, Chas.
Zwisler, Louis
Zebold, Geo.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Nov. 25th, '72.

Thanksgiving week! "Let us heartily rejoice, and give thanks" for the many blessings we are permitted to enjoy, and for the bountiful supply of everything that helps to make life and the pursuit of happiness endurable. Thursday of this week is the day set apart by the President of the United States for a season of thankful outpouring and general enjoyment. For more than a month past have turkeys and chickens and poultry of all kinds been in a sort of dread of the day we celebrate, and at this writing the screams of ill-fated ducks and geese have been frightful to listen to. Rebellious hens that have been derelict in their duty of laying fresh eggs, thereby sending the price up to 45 and 50 cents per dozen, have brought their own heads to the chopping block and their owners to the sticking point at last; and although an attempt has been made to attribute this carelessness, this supineness, to the horse disease, yet the scurvy trick was entirely "too thin" to mislead any but the ignorant and depraved. Thanksgiving day will settle the hash of many of these revolutionary birds of prey, and a new crop of well behaved chickens must be the result. While we are enjoying the day, with its attendant comforts and luxuries, let each and every one who can afford it try to make others happy and comfortable who have not the means to help themselves. .....The theatres will be closed entirely, and the public establishments will keep open house on Thanksgiving day, and provide such entertainment as cannot fail to add to the pleasure of all who attend. Go early at the evening performances, for on such a night every place of amusement in the city is sure to be thronged with belles and beaux, all bent on giving thanks in their several and peculiar ways. The patriotic and well-earned reputation as a virtuous and contented people.....Stanley, the resurrectionist, is here, in fulfillment of his contract to give a series of lectures on Livingstone; but without Livingstone as a guarantee, or living example of what has been accomplished, these lectures must resemble, to a certain extent, the play of "The Englishman in India," with the Englishman omitted .....about this time active traveling sacred bulls haul in their horns, and prepare for winter quarters; the peanut trade becomes lively, and the lion and lamb lie down together at Barnum's Menagerie.....A clerk in a dry goods store" writes to ask us if "Shakespeare wrote the 'Black Crook,' and why?" We are not angry with this young man for asking questions; its the only proper way to obtain information on this and other subjects, and we grieved that his parents should permit him to grow up in such ignorance. Our present school system is such that no one need grope in blindness nor attain to the years of maturity without acquiring a knowledge of all that is good and beautiful and vicious. The parents of this dry goods clerk were, no doubt, without those advantages which our public schools now endow us with, and having grown up without any other accomplishment than that of digging marl or making butter, they wickedly come to the conclusion that what they don't know isn't worth knowing, and therefore permit their offspring to wander through labyrinths of darkness and superstition, and get lost in the depths of deplorable uncertainty. The case of this young man is really distressing, and causes us many pangs of pity and sorrow, but as the matter presents itself to us, in this age of reason, a man can be found who is devoid of a correct appreciation of the authors of the past, and so lamentably unwise as to blazon forth his ignorance to the world in notes and queries to the free and independent press of this great city. Did we know the true name of the young man in writing to us on this subject we should go to the trouble prepared to enlighten him, and put him in the straight path; but he leaves us in the dark, as your excellent judgment, dear reader, has no doubt prompted you to observe, and places us in a very embarrassing position. It is, therefore, with a feeling akin to disgust that we hand this letter with all other letters with the youthful inquirer; not, mind you, through any fault of his own, but as a just retribution on the parents who have so shamelessly permitted the boy to paddle his own canoe, regardless of those moral precepts which it is the province of every true American to enjoy.....About this year's most interesting overture it is desirable that a few lines of poetry of some kind or other should be inserted, to relieve the otherwise solid and ungainly look of the same; so, with one hand tied behind us, like a felon going to be suspended, we rise to the etherial world and revel in the fantasy of celestial out-croppings, and this is the result:—

A GREEN ROOM QUIXICALITY.

Says John, while a lounging one day in the green room,
In a whimsical tone to his pardener, Jos,
"I'll bet you a cent you can't stand on your head."
Says Joseph, "show cause, plank up, it is a go!"
Head down, heels up, it was quickerly done
(As a circus chap, Joseph had won great renown):
"Pony up," says Jos to his pard, turning up again:
"Not so," says the John, "go to your old spout shop again,
For you are not *standing*, but turned *upside down*!"

Fearful that the disinterested reader may be desirous of learning how this strange wager was decided, and whether the parties came to blows or not, we engaged a stenographer to take down the evidence on both sides, which makes a volume of 300 folios, with marginal references to authorities cited; this evidence we have carefully put on ice in an impregnable cast steel safe; this safe, with its precious contents, we intend to cast into a fiery furnace, and if it stands this fearful test, then the matter will be very easy of solution. Decision reserved.....

The ladies of the theatrical profession seem to possess a great deal of modesty; leastwise, if they are modest, they have a very queer way of showing it. We were in a Broadway music store one day last week, conversing with the head engineer about a new comic song we are about to construct for the coming holiday season, when the door was suddenly thrown open; in bounced a young, gidd'y, fashionable female, and, without the slightest appearance of delicacy, she went for a newly married man behind the counter, and blurted right out before everybody in the place, "Will thou love me then as now?" No wonder the man turned white as death, no wonder he drew away from her like she was afflicted with devils. This thing needs the attention of the police. If a man is to be openly assailed in this way, in his own place of business, by wanton creatures, where will it end, Washington Gate, and what is the use of our *vox populi*. Better be slaves and woodchoppers, and drawers of water, than to tamely submit to such violations of decency and morality..... To show what reverence our people have for the Sabbath, we have only to state that our churches, great in numbers as they are, are altogether inadequate for the purposes of mental recreation; hence several of our theatres are now secured for Sunday evening concerts, in which talent of a high order participates. If the law would only hang all the "alleged murderers" now under indictment, instead of prolonging their punishment by new trials, and that sort of thing, New York city would be a right comfortable, pleasant place to live in, but of what good are sacred concerts when the myrmidons of the law tacitly encourage assassins and thieves, and knock down criminals only to set 'em up again. Let us commune together, and see what is best to be done..... Nelson Varley, English tenor, made his *debut* in this country on the 23d inst. The friends of William Varley may be pleased to learn that the new tenor is *not* related to Reddy the Blacksmith.....in view of our admiration for the gentle Agnes Robertson, who has recently left us, we desire to place upon the tablets of memory a few stray notes in honor of

LITTLE AGNES.

A trim little figure, all grace and spirit,
Flits like a sylph the gay footlights before,
Oft as we've gazed, and our sense has drank in
The charm that entranced, we still treasure it more.
How strange that in so small a frame there should be
Gifts so varied, and graces so few can excell!
"Fairy star!" wert thou named, and though years have gone by,
As a fairy thou still in the fancy dost dwell.

.....Once in a while we go the grand rounds, and take a look at those places that shall know us no more as once we were acquaint; we like to go one eye on what used to be our play houses, all in the lower section of the city. There is little now remaining to remind us of what they once were; but as we gaze, memory brings back the by-gone days, and in fancy we see all the old theatres, and can almost discern the tones of the well-remembered actors who trod those boards in the long, long ago. There is a sort of melancholy pleasure in looking over an old play bill, and in viewing the sites where once the temples of Thespis reared their humble heads. We took a turn through Chatham street a few days to "see how the land lay" there. The entire vicinity of the old Franklin theatre is classic ground. We never pass the spot, encumbered as it is with furniture and second hand wares, without paying tribute to the memory of Shales, the aspiring tragedian of a night, and the "Little Creek," his illustrious contemporary. Each was himself alone in his peculiar way, and the form of each is stamped upon the mind in figures that will never fade; Shales, tall and misshapen, with a strong predilection in favor of Kean; Little Johnny, as earnest a devotee of "the old man," Booth. The screams of laughter, the liberal donations of more material offerings—we seem to hear and see them yet. Then there was Bill Wood, and there also were Lee and Blanchard—ardent exponents of the "Bill Wherry and Montargis" schools, and Bill Sefton, the black-eyed William of his day; and Bill Jones, whose eyes often were blackened in his forays upon the Barbary coast. There is more than one alive who remembers that great dog of Wood's, and the irresistible antipathy he had for the doughty Grecian, whose memorable phrase:—"I'll make a dem shmooth hit" is still in the memories of many. Since, as his master was passing up Chatham square in company with Bruno, the dog sighted the Greek, and probably fancying himself still in the woods of Montargis, made for him. Richard hobbled off, and was not "himself again" until he had gained the friendly shelter of the famous Big Boot that Kirby used to swear by. We minded, too, when Scherpf and Bill Dinneford were the managers, surprise was excited by the number of boys who nightly crowded the boxes of the Little Franklin, and for whose presence none could account until one evening a string of them were discovered crawling in at a side window, which they had scaled by means of a ladder. And John Sefton—Jimmy Twitcher Johnny—and Wm. Rufus Blake, and many others—all gone—not a single one left to laugh over the story!

City Summary.

"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Tuesday evening, Nov. 19th, and was acted during the remainder of the week with the following cast:—

Sir John Falstaff	Charles Fisher
Fenton	B. T. Ringgold
Shallow	D. Whiting
Slender	James Lewis
Ford	George Clarke
Page	Louis James
William Page	Jennie Yeamans
Sir Hugh Evans	Wm. Davidge
Dr. Caius	W. J. Lemoyne
The Host of the Garter Inn,	Stoneall Murray
	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert

It was, as a whole, the best specimen of legitimate acting which the Fifth avenue company has yet given to the public. Their prior efforts in the old comedies did not meet with notable success. Mr. Charles Fisher's Falstaff did not give us satisfaction, and we did not think he was to be expected from any actor during his first performances of the arduous *role*, yet it was highly creditable and evinced a scholarly mind, and that much study and thought had been bestowed upon it. He lacked unctuousness, and, in consequence, the humor of the character suffered to some extent. That he will improve with subsequent repetition of the performance, we doubt not; still there is a coldness and a lackness which we think it will be very difficult to remove. His general make up for the character could not well be improved. B. T. Ringgold seemed to thoroughly understand the character of Fenton, and gave a praiseworthy interpretation thereof. D. Whiting made an excellent Justice Shallow. James Lewis correctly conceived and acted Slender, his performance being thoroughly natural, and he comes from the old Montargis' schools, and Bill Sefton, the black-eyed William of his day; and Bill Jones, whose eyes often were blackened in his forays upon the Barbary coast. There is more than one alive who remembers that great dog of Wood's, and the irresistible antipathy he had for the doughty Grecian, whose memorable phrase:—"I'll make a dem shmooth hit" is still in the memories of many. Since, as his master was passing up Chatham square in company with Bruno, the dog sighted the Greek, and probably fancying himself still in the woods of Montargis, made for him. Richard hobbled off, and was not "himself again" until he had gained the friendly shelter of the famous Big Boot that Kirby used to swear by. We minded, too, when Scherpf and Bill Dinneford were the managers, surprise was excited by the number of boys who nightly crowded the boxes of the Little Franklin, and for whose presence none could account until one evening a string of them were discovered crawling in at a side window, which they had scaled by means of a ladder. And John Sefton—Jimmy Twitcher Johnny—and Wm. Rufus Blake, and many others—all gone—not a single one left to laugh over the story!

Miss Carter, Miss Rorke, Miss Hogan, Johnny Harrison, W. B. Ince, Jno. E. Linden, Mr. Keller, Mr. Kearney & Moran King, Harry Leland, Mark Lingard, W. H. Lavake, Wm. Lorraine, Lorraine & Diego Lorraine, Fred. Lyster, Fred. Lewis, Lingard, W. B. Macder, F. G. Myers, G. Murray, G. W. Moran, Prof. J. T. Mack, Joe H. Markham, Harry Middleton, Geo. W. Wilder, J. W. Mumford, H. L. (2) Melville, Chas. Marinlev, Ben. 10c. Gilbert, Harry Mafft, Jno. Maffitt & Jeffreys (3) Mayo, Frank Michels, Jno. J. Morrissey, Wm. Miner, Harry (2) Mitchell, Geo. Miers, C. J. Meredith, Harry Mortz, John Moore, Wm. B.

Nelson, Chas. Nash, Dan D. (2) Nelson, Prof. R. Naylor, John Newcomb, W. W. Otto, Karl Orrin, Geo. W. O'Lynn, Bryan Palmer, C. C. Pash, Billy Parkes, A. L. (2) Richards, A. E. Rother, Hugh Reynolds, Jas. (2) Rose, Chas. F. (2) Rankin, McKee Ryse, E. Rubini, Sig. Runnells, Burnell Robins & Co. Shay, Jno. Smith, Wm. H. Schofield, Ed. Stanton, Hy. E. Skeere, L. M. W. Sharpley, Sam Smith, Frank Salisbury, Hop Schoch, Nath'l Seal, D. J. Stone & Murray Showles, J. J. Staples, Geo. Shaw, Capt. Sexton, A. G. Turner, Ned Toohey, Jno. Thorogood, Harry Turner, Ned Ulmer, Frank Underwood, C. M. Vanzandtle, J. M. Victorelli, Jno. Villa, Sam B. Weston, Frank White, Jno. Frank Williams, Gus. Whettony, J. A. Wilder, J. W. Wills, F. M. Wagner, Cal Ward, Jas. A. Wheeler, Ben 6c. Williams, Claude Warwick, Chas. Wheelock, Jno. Way, Geo. W. Ward, J. W. Waldron, Danny 6c. Wolfe, Jno. M. Young, Chas. Zwisler, Louis Zebold, Geo.

Mr. Sothern, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Davidge, Mr. Lemoyne, Mr. Gilbert, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Yeamans, Miss Rorke, Miss Hogan, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Ince, Mr. Keller, Mr. Kearney & Moran, Mr. King, Mr. Harry, Mr. Leland, Mr. Lingard, Mr. Lorraine, Mr. Fred. Lyster, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Lingard, Mr. Macder, Mr. Myers, Mr. Murray, Mr. Moran, Mr. Mack, Mr. Markham, Mr. Middleton, Mr. Wilder, Mr. Mumford, Mr. Melville, Mr. Marinlev, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Harry, Mr. Maffitt, Mr. Jeffreys, Mr. Mayo, Mr. Frank, Mr. Michels, Mr. Morrissey, Mr. Miner, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Mortz, Mr. Moore, Miss Meredith, Miss Mortz, Miss Mayo, Miss Morrissey, Miss Miner, Miss Mitchell, Miss Mayo, Miss Frank, Miss Michels, Miss Jones, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Wilson, Miss Wood, Miss Wilkins, Miss Wilson, Miss Wood, Miss Wilkins, Miss Wilson, Miss Wood, Miss Wilkins

Variety Halls.

HARRY HOWARDE, character vocalist and eccentric, is at present performing at the New American Theatre, Baltimore, Md., where he can be addressed.

JOHN HAFFNER advertises for a pianist who understands the concert hall business.

Freemasonic Gathering engagements in Syracuse, Rochester or Buffalo, N. Y., are referred to Dan Shelby's card in another column.

AT MERCHANT'S OPERA HOUSE, New Haven, Conn., Prof. Campbell, with his Punch and Judy performance; Edwin Blanchard, who acted the chief character in "Onta, the White Slave;" Miss Victoria Rose, dancer; Lizzie Thatcher, song and dance; Dan and Lillie Howe, in comic duets; Master Thatcher, on the trapeze, were the chief attractions during the past week.

MANDYA WREN AND JAMES COLLINS, duologue artists, will be at Rhorty to accept engagements after Dec. 16th, and can be addressed at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., where they are now performing.

THE COPARTNERSHIP between Col. J. H. Wood and Wm. H. Sinn, in the Globe Theatre, Chicago, Ill., has been dissolved, and the theatre is now under the sole management of Col. J. H. Wood, but Mr. Sinn will, for the present, engage performers for the house, and the first-class attractions can address him as per card elsewhere.

THE PEARMORE FAMILY, who claim to be the originators of the cat feat, Tyrolean eccentricities, &c., can be communicated with as per advertisement.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Galveston, Texas, has been doing a lively business since the late election. Though new faces are announced to come from Memphis, Tenn., none as yet have put in an appearance. Miss Lottie Mitchell has been unwell a couple of nights during the past week, but she re-appeared latterly, singing serio-comic songs in her usual pleasant way. Wash. Norton has been doing an Irish song and dance, which he has had to repeat nightly in response to encores. Norton is a decided favorite and speaks the brogue like a genuine son of Erin. Miss Pauline has won favor in a clog dance, it being her first attempt. Miss Ida Morton continues to play the leading characters in the farces, and is deserving of praise. Joe Buckley has been suffering with an attack of rheumatism, Norton and Raymond playing his parts, while Stewart took his end in the first part. Mytie Rose was applauded very heartily for her fancy dance, and was dismissed for refusing to respond to *encores*. New faces will appear about the 25th. So wrote our correspondent on Nov. 17th.

AT THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE, Kansas City, Mo., matters are progressing favorably, good audiences being in attendance nightly. J. W. Bertell, so long and favorably known at this theatre, has secured an engagement in St. Louis and departed. No other changes have occurred. Tom Murray's Irish songs, the Sanyeahs, and Lizzie Shelton, *dansease*, still keeping in public favor. The Barlow brothers are giving a "Gum Shoe" song and dance, written for them by Oscar Willis, that, given in their inimitable style, is a great success. The charming little vocalist, Maud Lee, takes a benefit Nov. 23d. ....The new Theatre Comique presents a more attractive appearance from day to day, as new fixtures and improvements are being rapidly added. No changes are reported. Business fair. So wrote our correspondent on Nov. 20th.

AT BERRY'S OPERA HOUSE, Wilkesbarre, Pa., the only new arrival on the 18th was Millie Henrietta, jig and song and dance performer. Charley Fox closed Nov. 23d, going to Cleveland, O. The new people underlined for Nov. 25th are Sadie Brant, serio-comic; Belle Clark, song and dance; Kittie Rowell, vocalist; Caddie Wright, actress; Lew Spencer, Dutch comedian, and Reynolds and Romer. Lady vocalists, &c., are advertised for.

GRADY'S VARIETY THEATRE, Fort Wayne, Ind., was opened on Nov. 19th. The following is a list of the company:—The Misses Nellie Clifford, Nell West and May Alexander, Messrs. Johnny Bucklin, W. H. Stow, Tim Hays, Joe Bucklin, Young Hamilton, Charles Grady, the Miller Brothers and Joe Lovely.

AT THE MOZART VARIETIES, Buffalo, N. Y., business continued good the past week. Miss Lena Clark opened Nov. 18th, and appeared to advantage in her songs, dressing elegantly and changing with rapidity. The Lilliputian Sisters sang very prettily, and in the olio gave their songs and dances in unexceptionable style. They, together with Annie West, made a charming tableau as the Three Graces. Bob Lane's specialties met with favor. Messrs. Volna and Sheppard's efforts went far toward the success of the bill. Prof. Fox's imitations were rendered finely. The act called "A Shower of Cats," by Lew Lum created quite a furore with his comic songs. Forepaugh's trapeze act was highly applauded. The latter, in her vocal selections, did not meet with popular favor. Billy Diamond has made a favorable impression by his banjo solo. The performance is good throughout, and closes with Will C. Burton's melo-drama of "Susan Gaylove," with Miss Minnie Rainforth in the title role and the author as Conrad Delville. The former is a very pleasing soubrette and the latter does heavy business equally well in burlesque. Business remains good. ....The Cleveland Opera House is no more; gone "where the woodbine twineth." The business was moderate, and with a large and high salaried company on hand, the manager, Mr. Frank Wild, could not meet his payments, and consequently "closed for repairs." So wrote our correspondent on Nov. 23d.

Miss ELLA, song and dance lady, also banjoist, and Law Hallett, Ethiopian comedian, were the only new appearances at Fielding's Opera House, Toledo, O., last week. Miss Ella is a fair performer and was well liked. Hallett, an old favorite, received a cordial welcome. The remainder of the present company is as follows:—Nellie Howard, jiggist; Mlle. Sallie, *dansease*; Frank Steele, bell ringer and banjoist, and Jim Lon and Frank Collins, song and dance men. Miss Lizzie La Grange, vocalist and *dansease*, is underlined to appear Nov. 25th.

THE DETROIT, MICH., THEATRE COMIQUE forces were augmented on Nov. 18th, by Leona Dare, Ed. Banker, Gus Peters and Mlle. Annetta. For thrilling trapeze acts Leona Dare certainly stands among the best female gymnasts, electrifying her audiences by her skill, grace and intrepidity. Ed. Banker returned to us with new changes, pleasing and exciting the curiosity of his admirers. Gus. Peters and Mlle. Annetta were fair in their Dutch business. The Weston Sisters continue great favorites, as do the Carrolls. Geo. Wilson is cast as the Artful Dodger this week, in which character he is immense. The company being so strong no departures or arrivals are announced for the coming week. So wrote our correspondent under date of Nov. 22d.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE, Harrisburg, Pa., still continues doing an excellent business. The attractions the past week were Frank Harrison, vocalist; Harry Hurdic, *trapeze* and ceiling walker; Kitty Sharpe, jig dancer, and Tommy Turner, comedian. Allen and Ward are announced to appear on the 25th. John Bindle new edition of "Two Roses" concluded the entertainments during the week.

AN IRISH VOCALIST and a ballad singer are wanted by Sam'l Fitzpatrick, who advertises.

JACOB ACKER, proprietor of the Arcade Garden Variety Theatre, Troy, N. Y., is, we are informed, building a handsome theatre, in which he intends giving first class variety performances.

AT THE WASHINGTON VARIETIES, Providence, R. I., Lew Cole appeared on the 18th and Charlie Austin, clog dancer, on the 21st. Johnny Manning, Irish and negro comedian, is billed for the 25th. Harry Thorne, pantomimist, is billed for the 28th. The Warren Sisters have a benefit on the 26th and there will be a *matinee* on Thanksgiving day.

DAN SHELBY opens the Rochester, N. Y., Comique on Nov. 25th, and takes the following people with him:—Belle Celeste, John Latour, Courtright and Gilcase and the Foy Sisters, together with a capital stock company.

AT THE BROOKLYN, L. I., OLYMPIC the Female Minstrels are to appear at Donnelly's this week, and a very full variety bill is to be given the patrons of that popular hall.

MARTINI CHIRISKI and Miss Lon Celeste, formerly known as Mrs. J. W. Berkley, serio-comic vocalist and pianist, were married on Nov. 8th.

THE CHIRISKI COMBINATION is billed ahead as follows:—Charlottesville, Va., Nov. 25th, 26th and 27th, and Staunton, 28th, 29th and 30th. They anticipated returning to Richmond on Dec. 1st.

MISS ELLA WARD, who was accused of the murder of Harry Maynard, a *trapeze* performer, by shooting, at Cleveland, O., on the night of Nov. 15th, writes us the following statement, to which we cheerfully give place:—

I did not come to Cleveland with Harry Maynard. I reside here, as do my parents, and have always done so. I was his jealous mistress, nor never had any occasion to be. He was my promised husband, and I had been acquainted with him for four years before he appeared upon the stage, and during our engagement we were not unfriendly. His death I cannot feel deeper grief for what has happened than I do. The shooting was purely accidental. I am not in confinement but have my liberty.

THE CINCINNATI HALLS are written of as follows by our correspondent, dating Nov. 23d:—

The Pacific Garden Theatre the only new appearance this week has been Fanny Florence, vocalist and *dansease*, who is a clever little artist. Gussie Keating closed last week. The main attractions for the week have been Harry Watson and Lew Clarke, in double Dutch acts; double *trapeze*, by Mons. Reveni and Zoe Zeonetti; double clog and song and dance, by Bob Warden and Johnny Mack; songs, by Lizzie Sherman and Lotta Georgia; song and dance, by Tommy Dayton, and the usual sprinkling of variety good this week.....At the Olympic the only change has been the closing of Harry Wilkinson. The Lawrence sisters, which show off well in a calcium light, are a leading attraction. Nellie Maskell and Valentine Love are underline[d] ..... There are no new arrivals to chronicle at the Race Street Varieties. The company remains as to-day at the bill, and reached Philadelphia on the 20th, having been programme, and, like the proverbial baby, must be a imported by Mr. Forepaugh for his "Aggravation," as well-spring of pleasure to somebody. Jim Finley has made a "our Jim" calls it. It cost much rhino to secure this deep and telling hit as Captain Schmidt, a German, and his pan- rhino-cero. tomimic performance is a decided success. Miss Lizzie Boyd is very popular with the audiences. The Zig Zags are in the zenith of success, and Hurley and Marr are nightly received with deafening applause in their popular songs and dances. J. B. Obriel will close on the 23d. Kitty Whitland and Mattie Blanche are announced for the 25th, if they can make connection.....Col. J. H. Wood has purchased W. R. Sinn's interest in the Globe Theatre, and will conduct the place in a first class style in the future. R. L. Marsh is to be retained as business manager and treasurer, reported our correspondent on 23d inst.

THE NEGRO ARRIVALS at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., were Annie Braddon, Forepaugh, Billy Diamond and Frank Lum. The Victorville are up for a benefit on the 22d, and take their departure after the 23d, as does also Miss Annie Braddon and Miss Lizzie La Grange. Frank Lum created quite a *furore* with his comic songs. Forepaugh's trapeze act was highly applauded. The latter, in her vocal selections, did not meet with popular favor. Billy Diamond has made a favorable impression by his banjo solo. The performance is good throughout, and closes with Will C. Burton's melo-drama of "Susan Gaylove," with Miss Minnie Rainforth in the title role and the author as Conrad Delville. The former is a very pleasing soubrette and the latter does heavy business equally well in burlesque. Business remains good. ....At the Cleveland Opera House is no more; gone "where the woodbine twineth." The business was moderate, and with a large and high salaried company on hand, the manager, Mr. Frank Wild, could not meet his payments, and consequently "closed for repairs." So wrote our correspondent on Nov. 23d.

MESSRS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For THEATRICAL, or other advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, $1 per line for each and every insertion.

For MISCELLANEOUS and SECURITY ADVERTISEMENTS, twenty cents per line for each and every insertion.

For NOTICES—to be incorporated in our NEWS Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., fifty cents per line, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.

ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned. FRANK QUEEN,

Editor and Proprietor NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

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HAMILTON, OHIO.
THE ONLY OPERA HOUSE IN THE CITY. NEWLY FITTED. Complete set of scenery, all theatrical appurtenances. TO RENT, for first class entertainments only. New scenery and flats, drop curtain, stage carpet, foot and border lights, 8 commodious dressing rooms, parquet, dress circle and gallery; also, two private boxes. Seating capacity, 1,178. Most comfortable theatre in the west. Address ADAM WERBER, Agent,
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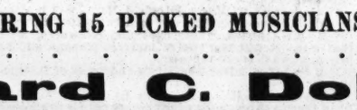

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